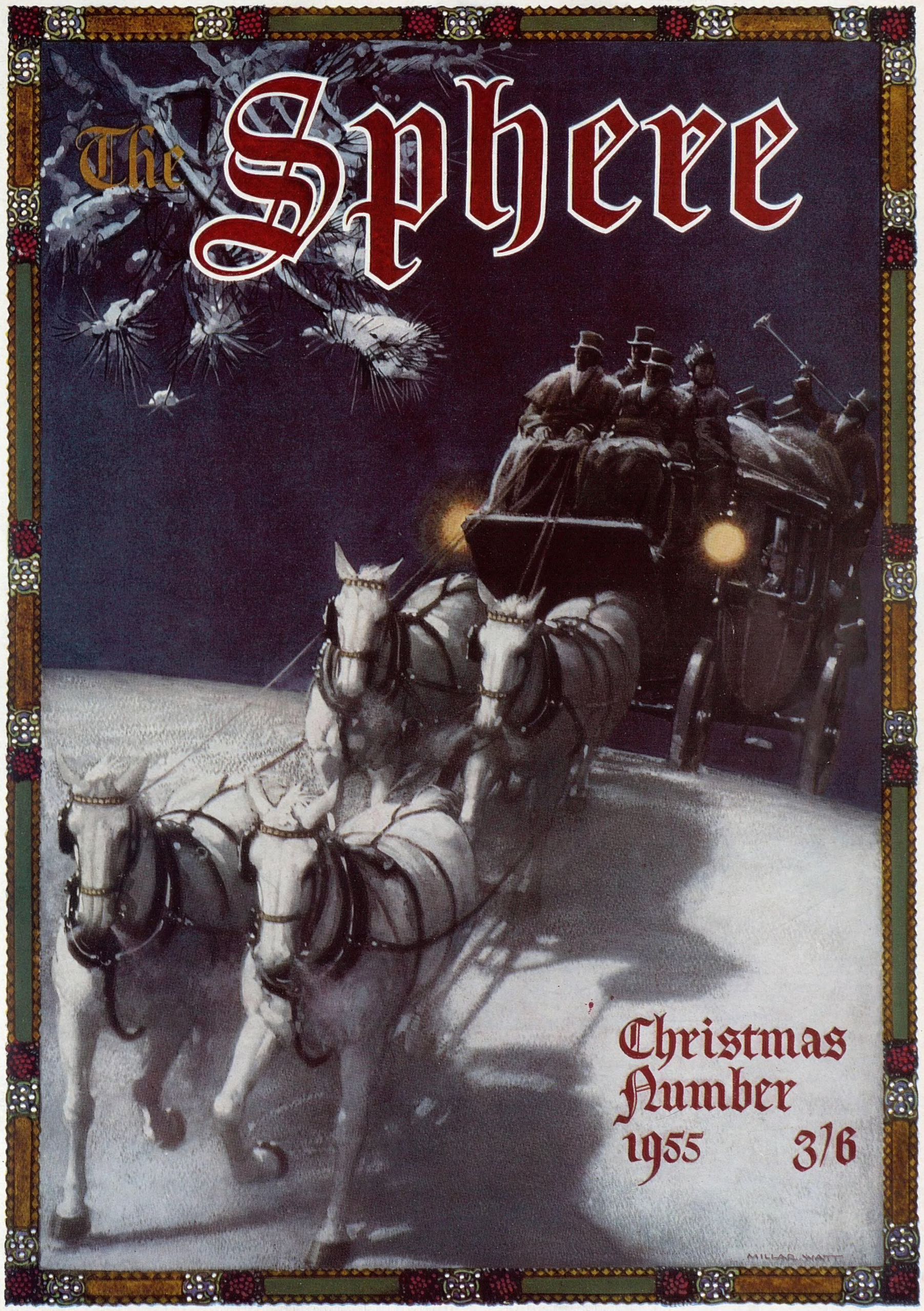
VOL. CCXXIII No. 2909a

THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 11, 1955
With which are incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" and "GRAPHIC"

The Sphere



Christmas Number 1955 3/6

Publishing Office : Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2

For Postage Rates see inside

It began just like any other Christmas morning; the children up at dawn unpacking their presents; the postman's rat-a-tat at breakfast-time —more excitement. Then Father mysteriously disappeared. Where? Suddenly the crunch of wheels on the gravel drive, and Father with—A NEW STANDARD CAR!

'A Happy Christmas—family!' he cried.

But we all knew that it meant much ***more*** *than that—for us all —happy motoring for* ***years*** *to come!*

THE STANDARD SUPER TEN

4 forward hinged, fully opening doors. 4 cylinder, 948 c.c. engine. 40/50 miles per gallon. Maximum speed 68 miles per hour. Girling hydraulic brakes. Triplex toughened glass. Spacious luggage boot with separate compartment for spare wheel. Adjustable front seats. Steel panelled body, rustproofed by Bonderising process and fully dustproofed.

OUTRIGHT WINNER OF 1955 R.A.C. RALLY

Standard Cars

INTERNATIONALLY-TESTED

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY, ENGLAND
London Showrooms: 15-17 Berkeley Square, W.1. Tel: Grosvenor 8181

STANDARD CARS

STANDARD CARS TRIUMPH CARS · STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES · STANDARD DIESEL ENGINES · FERGUSON TRACTORS

Christmas Contents

1955

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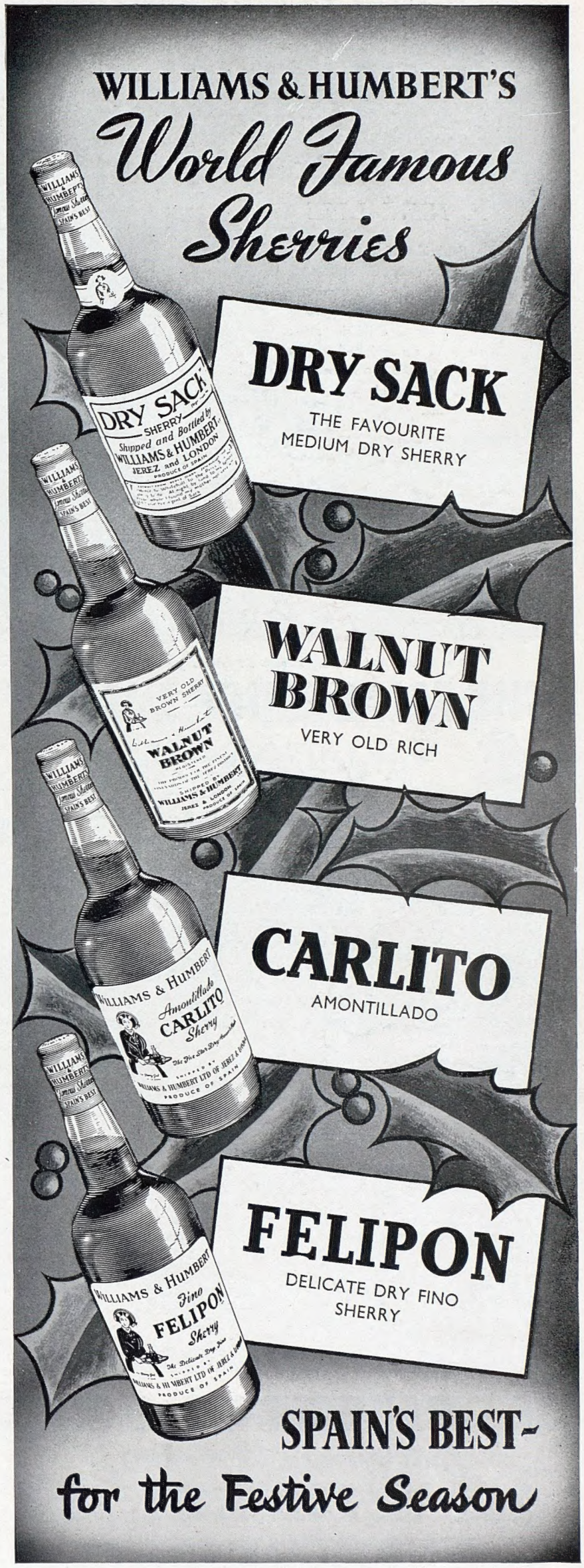
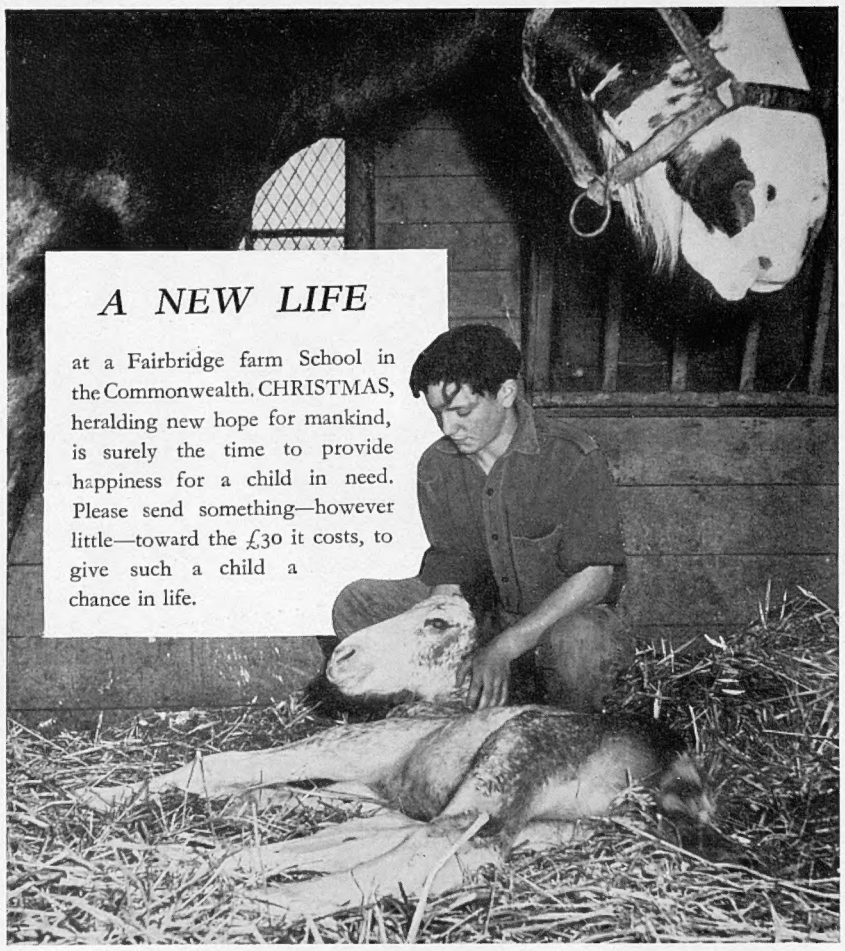


WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LTD.
BODEGAS: JEREZ-DE-LA-FRONTERA, SPAIN
LONDON HOUSE: 35 SEETHING LANE, E.C.3.



This appeal is made through the generosity of a friend.

THE FAIRBRIDGE SOCIETY

President
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, K.G., K.T., K.P.

Director: W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E.

38 Holland Villas Road, Kensington, London, W.14. Tel: Park 6322

MAKING A MIRACL

And some of those who wa

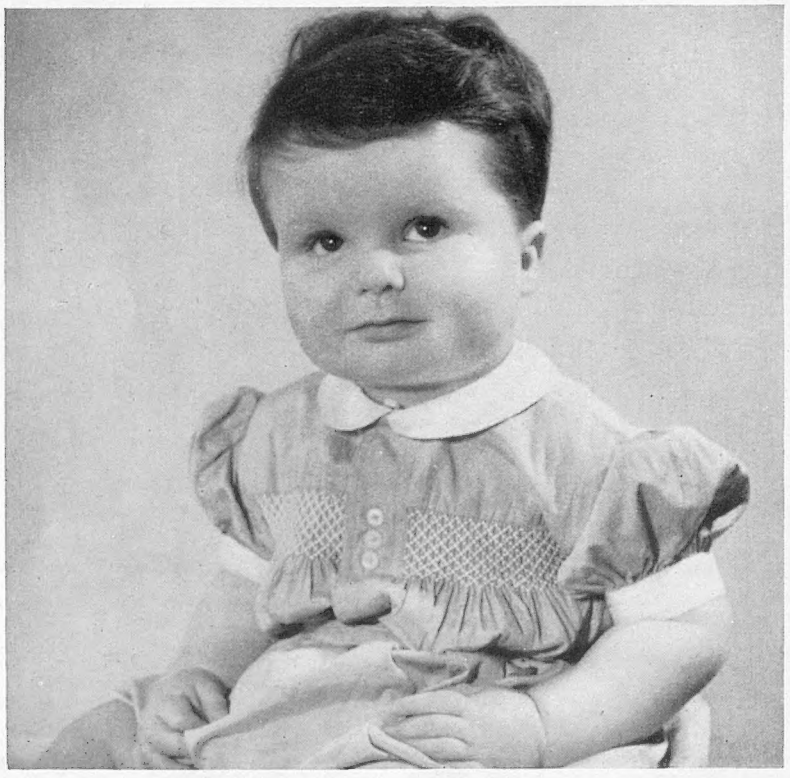
For Those in Need.—Nearly sixty years ago the DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLKS AID ASSOCIATION was formed to help gentlefolk of both sexes who were driven to despair by sickness and misfortune. To-day the Association continues its work, making grants to those in dire need, supplying clothes, blankets, and comforts to others in distress. Residential and Nursing Homes provide for those who have little hope of recovery. The Association appeals for your help this Christmas so that more help and comfort may be given to some of the many who face despair in their old age. Please send all gifts to the D.G.A.A., 10, Knaresborough Place, London, S.W.5.

Youth at the Helm.—110 years ago a young man called Williams sat in a hayloft in Seven Dials pondering how he could turn Castles in the Air into Homes on Earth. His dream was to open a home for lonely and neglected London children. He succeeded. Since those far-off "hayloft" days over 40,000 children have passed through his SHAFTESBURY HOMES, and 15,000 boys trained for the Royal Navy and Merchant Service in the *Arethusa* training ship. This great work is not subsidised—it depends upon your generosity for its continuance. Please send a gift to The Secretary, THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

The Battle of Tuberculosis.—For twenty years THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS has helped to fill its coffers by selling sheets of colourful seals to brighten gifts and cards sent out at Christmas. This voluntary organisation works unceasingly through education and research to rid the world of this dread disease. And the work *must* continue, for though tuberculosis is declining, over a quarter of a million patients are still known to doctors in this country. You can help in the fight by buying the Christmas seals. They cost 4s. for a sheet of 100 from the N.A.P.T., Tavistock House North, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

A New Life.—At the age of twelve Kingsley Fairbridge, son of a surveyor in Rhodesia, was left, by mischance, alone, cold and miserable in the Umbali hills. This bitter experience turned his thoughts to the many children in Britain who lived always in lonely misery, and he determined to devote his life to helping them. To-day the Fairbridge Society continues his work, and destitute children from the crowded cities are sent to a new and joyous life in the Fairbridge Farm Schools all over the Commonwealth. £30 will outfit and send one child to happiness. Will you help us to write a luggage label for another young emigrant? Your gifts will be gratefully received by THE FAIRBRIDGE SOCIETY, 38, Holland Villas Road, London, W.14.

Moral Aid.—THE CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION is the special Church of England body responsible for the sympathetic handling of moral welfare work



DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Still depend on YOUR support

Please be Father Christmas to our 7,000 and more children. Their happiness will be your reward.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF

10/-

will feed one child for 4 days.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," should be sent to 20 *Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.*1.

A Christmas Service YOU *can render*

Yes, our Bisley school Chapel has its own boys' Choir and they, like all the children of all our Homes, look to you for their Happy Christmas as well as for your help from one Xmas to the next. What better Christmas Service could there be than the present and future support of these unsubsidised children's homes.

Please send your Christmas Donation to the General Secretary.

SHAFTESBURY HOMES & 'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP

PATRON H.M. THE QUEEN

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

(*Incorporated by Royal Charter* 1939)

Patron—HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
President—The Rt. Hon. The EARL OF HALIFAX, K.G., P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.
Chairman of the Council—Professor H. R. DEAN, M.D., F.R.C.P.
Hon. Treasurer—A. DICKSON WRIGHT, F.R.C.S.
Director—Dr. JAMES CRAIGIE, O.B.E., F.R.S.

Dependent upon voluntary gifts, without State aid, the Fund is under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England and is governed by representatives of many medical and scientific institutions. Money is needed quickly to assist the developments now being made in the conquest of cancer. In addition to the continuous and systematic research in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill, London, the work is being extended in new laboratories at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Will you please help?

LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS
are urgently needed for the maintenance and extension of our work

Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. A. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S., at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

SPECIMEN FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund (Treasurer, Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S.), at the Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that the Treasurer's receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

FOR CHRISTMAS

for you to work wonders

among women and girls. It assists committees to found Rescue Homes, and gives annual grants to homes in league with the Association. Every penny received in donations and subscriptions is distributed. Please help this good work by sending a Christmas gift to the CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION, 20, John Street, Theobalds Road, London, W.C.1.

The Children's Festival.—Christmas has rightly been called the Children's Festival, and if the celebration of the Birth of the Holy Babe sets a strain on the family purse it is borne gladly. But THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHILDREN'S SOCIETY must dig very deep to provide extra Christmas fare for their gigantic family of 5,000 destitute children. To feed and clothe them costs 25s. for each moment of every day, so little is left to provide those extra delights which brighten young hearts at Christmas. Please help to refill this great family purse by sending a gift to the CHILDREN'S SOCIETY in the Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

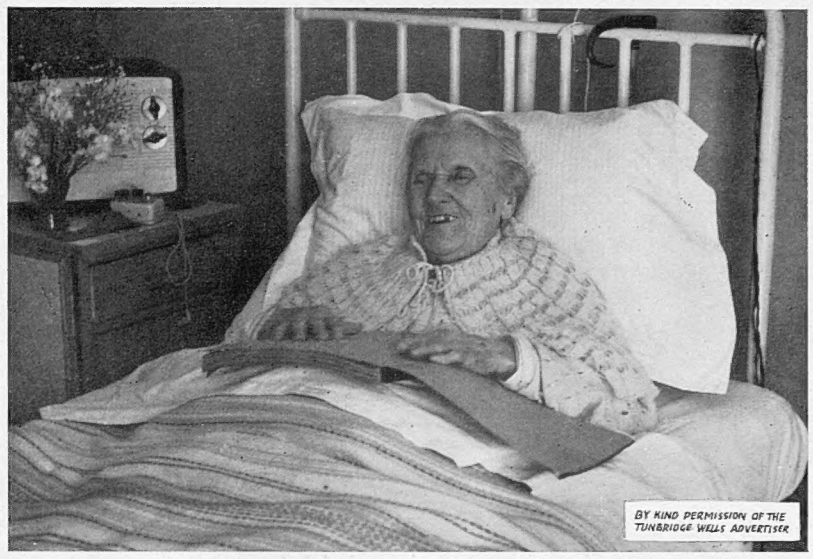
Good King Wenceslas—Salvationist.—Christmastide is here again with feasts, and fairs and festivities, and Good King Wenceslas, in the garb of the Salvation Army, will bring the message of Christmas to people of every colour and creed, from the blue lagoons of Hawaii to the snow lands of Alaska. Dinners for the old, comforts for the sick, healing for the sorrowful. To the generous-hearted who—in the warmth of the family circle—can count on the blessings of Christmas, we appeal for those who can count on nothing. Please tread in the steps of Good King Wenceslas, carrying your gifts to the Salvation Army Headquarters, 113, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Dr. Barnardo's Family.—DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES provide for the physical, mental, and spiritual welfare of over 7,000 destitute children; 1,700 of these are boarded with private families and live as members of the family circle. One of the most urgent problems of this great organisation is the welfare and training of physically handicapped children in its care. Special hospital homes minister to the needs of these doubly deprived children. Will you reward their young courage and faith by taking a personal interest in their welfare this Christmas? Your gifts will be gratefully received at 20, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

Conquest of the Killer.—THE IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND was founded in 1902, and preliminary researches into the causes, prevention, treatment, and cure of cancer were carried out in two small rooms. Now—after several moves—the Fund will shortly be established in new laboratories in Lincoln's Inn Fields, adjoining the Royal College of Surgeons. But—it receives no official income, and must rely upon the generosity of the great public for whom it works if its vital work is to continue. Will you help to make this possible by sending a donation to THE IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND, Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

HELP US TO HELP—

—those who cannot help themselves



A blind Patient, nearly one hundred years old, at one of our nursing homes.

ELDERLY people accustomed to refinements in living, alone and broken in health, reduced to poverty, yet unwilling to ask for charity—These are the people on whom YOU in your generosity are asked to bestow the blessings of nursing care, companionship and security.

Funds are urgently needed every year, to provide grants for over 1,200 old and invalid Gentlepeople, and to maintain other sick and chronic invalids, both in their own homes, and in the nursing and residential homes provided by the Association.

The Association depends upon voluntary contributions for the continuation of its work.

DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK'S AID ASSOCIATION

Patron: Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, The Queen Mother

10 Knaresborough Place, London, S.W.5

Ring the changes

on your Christmas Greetings

and help fight
TUBERCULOSIS

★ ★ ★

NAPT Christmas SEALS
4/- per sheet of 100

NAPT Coloured Christmas CARDS
(with envelopes)
5/- per dozen

★ ★ ★

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS
TAVISTOCK HOUSE NORTH, LONDON, W.C.1.

Goodwill
and Good Cheer at Christmas

When considering those to whom you will extend "good cheer," will you send a gift to The Salvation Army for those less fortunate, outside the circle of your family and friends? Your help will be gratefully received at *113, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4*

The Salvation Army

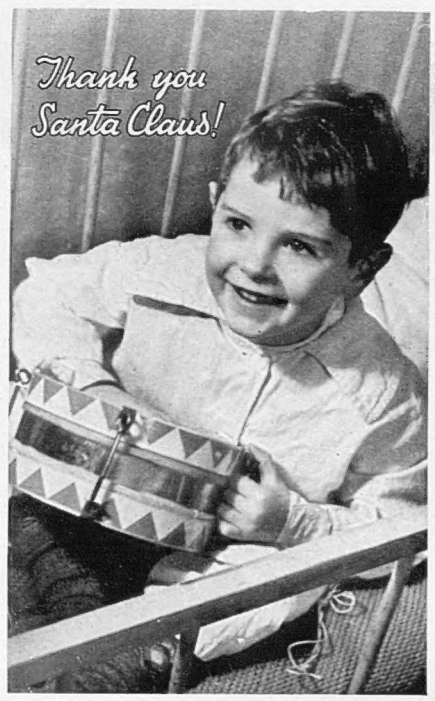
HELP IS URGENTLY NEEDED

for
Moral Welfare Work among Women, Girls and Children

For over 100 years the Church Moral Aid Association has been actively engaged in this work.
It assists Committees to found Homes. Acts as Custodian Trustees for properties. Helps old and needy workers.
Gives maintenance grants annually to Homes in Union, also gives bursaries towards the training of workers.

Fullest particulars will be gladly supplied by the Secretary

CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION
(formerly Church Penitentiary Association)
20 JOHN STREET, THEOBALD'S ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1



But . . . please don't forget the others!

There are nearly 5,000 children in our family who also hope their wishes will come true.

Will you be their SANTA CLAUS?

10/- will help to provide Christmas fare for one child.

Christmas Donations gratefully received by the Secretary.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

(formerly WAIFS AND STRAYS)
Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11

Faites Attention!

. . . take care when you wear this perfume — Cocktail Dry!

Like the subtle flavour of the connoisseur's cocktail, it is insidious— it goes straight to the head with unpredictable suddenness . . .

Not a perfume for the ingenue. But uninhibited outdoor personalities will appreciate the sweet-bitter tang of Patou's Cocktail Dry. And world-wise women who avoid the obvious in all things will immediately recognise its potent possibilities . . .

Cocktail Dry Perfume : ¼ oz. 27/-., ½ oz. 51/9., 1 oz. 87/9., 2 ozs. 157/6., De Luxe pack 90/-., Handbag size 37/6.

JEAN PATOU PARIS

What a happy idea Goblin Teasmade is! Every morning to be wakened, on time in a ready lighted room with fresh made tea (or coffee) ready at your bedside for enjoyment in cosy comfort. Goblin Teasmade does it all—automatically, and it's an electric clock as well. (Also useful for 'elevenses' and T.V. intervals.) De Luxe Model (illus.) £16.14.9. P.T. paid (crockery excluded).

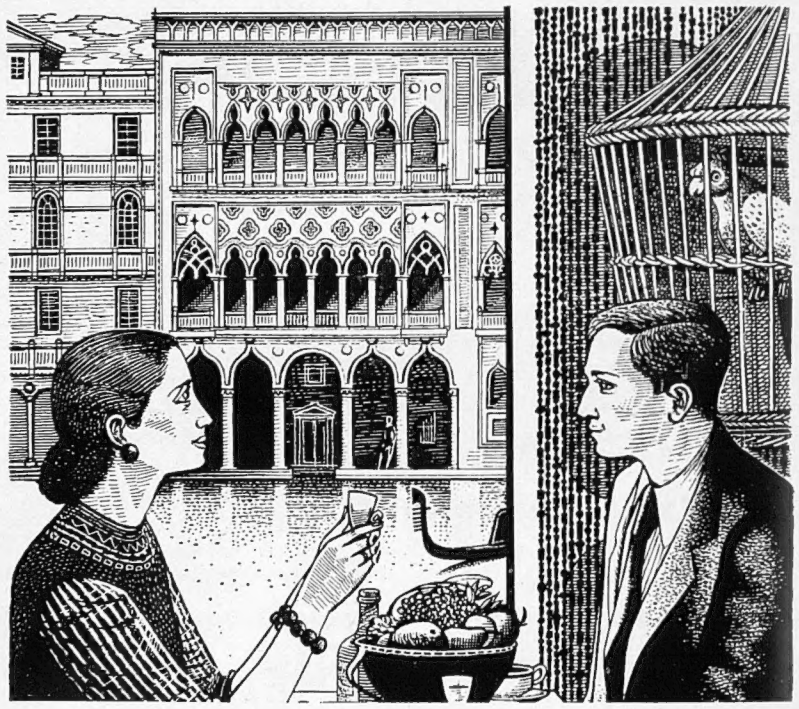
'POPULAR' MODEL

A modified design without tray or teapot but giving the same service.
£9.8.8. P.T. paid.

GOBLIN *Teasmade*

FROM ANY ELECTRICAL DEALER OR WRITE (DEPT. S.), GOBLIN WORKS, LEATHERHEAD, SURREY.

BONSOIR Pyjamas for ladies and men are distinctively tailored for comfortable elegance and available from leading stores and shops everywhere.



Wherever you go, the wide world over, you will find Drambuie awaiting you like a friendly gesture from home. Prepared in Scotland from the recipe of Bonnie Prince Charlie, Drambuie is renowned across the oceans and continents of the world as the liqueur of subtle and unvarying excellence.

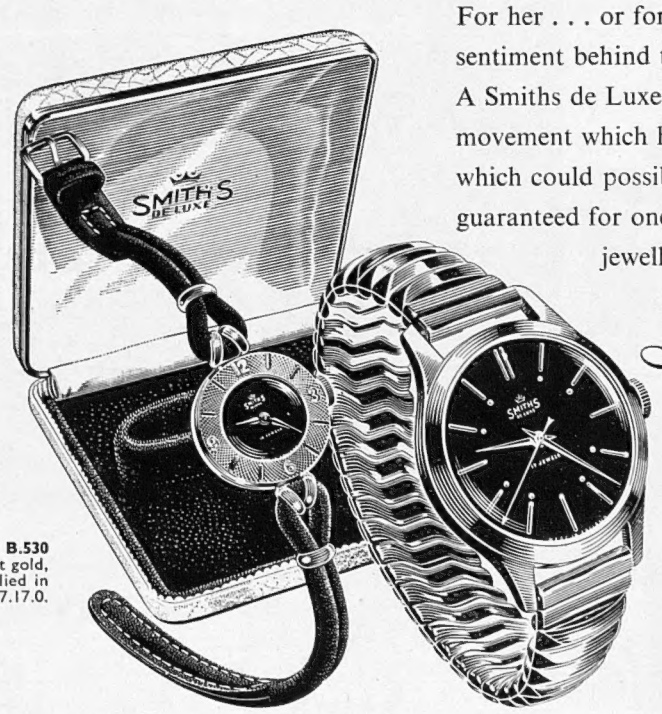
Drambuie

The Drambuie Liqueur Co Ltd York Place Edinburgh

The Unforgettable Gift

SMITHS
DE LUXE

For her . . . or for him . . . Britain's finest watch. True in its timekeeping as the sentiment behind the gift and beautifully designed to flatter cultured tastes.
A Smiths de Luxe watch with the Smiths de Luxe movement . . . the dependable movement which has won the seal of man's approval under the sternest conditions* which could possibly present themselves. Smiths de Luxe watches are unconditionally guaranteed for one year, and have PERMALIFE unbreakable mainsprings. Good jewellers everywhere will be pleased to show you their latest range of models from £8.19.6 to £63.0.0.



B.530
Lady's attractive 9 carat gold, 15 jewel model. Supplied in presentation case. £17.17.0.

A.358
Gentleman's gold-plated, 17 jewel model. Raised gilt numerals on black dial or A.352 with silvered dial. Rolled gold bracelet.
£12.10.0.

"Double Proof Tested" *

FOR ACCURACY AND RELIABILITY

The exhaustive 16 day factory test is not enough for Smiths de Luxe watches. They are also sent to face the sternest tests in actual use . . . at Everest with Sir Edmund Hilary, at Kangchenjunga, the Australian Antarctic, and on all major expeditions. With one aim . . . to prove dependability—*to the hilt.*

A 'SMITHS OF ENGLAND' PRODUCT

SMITHS BRITISH WATCHES, WATERLOO ROAD, LONDON, N.W.2. *The High Grade Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.*

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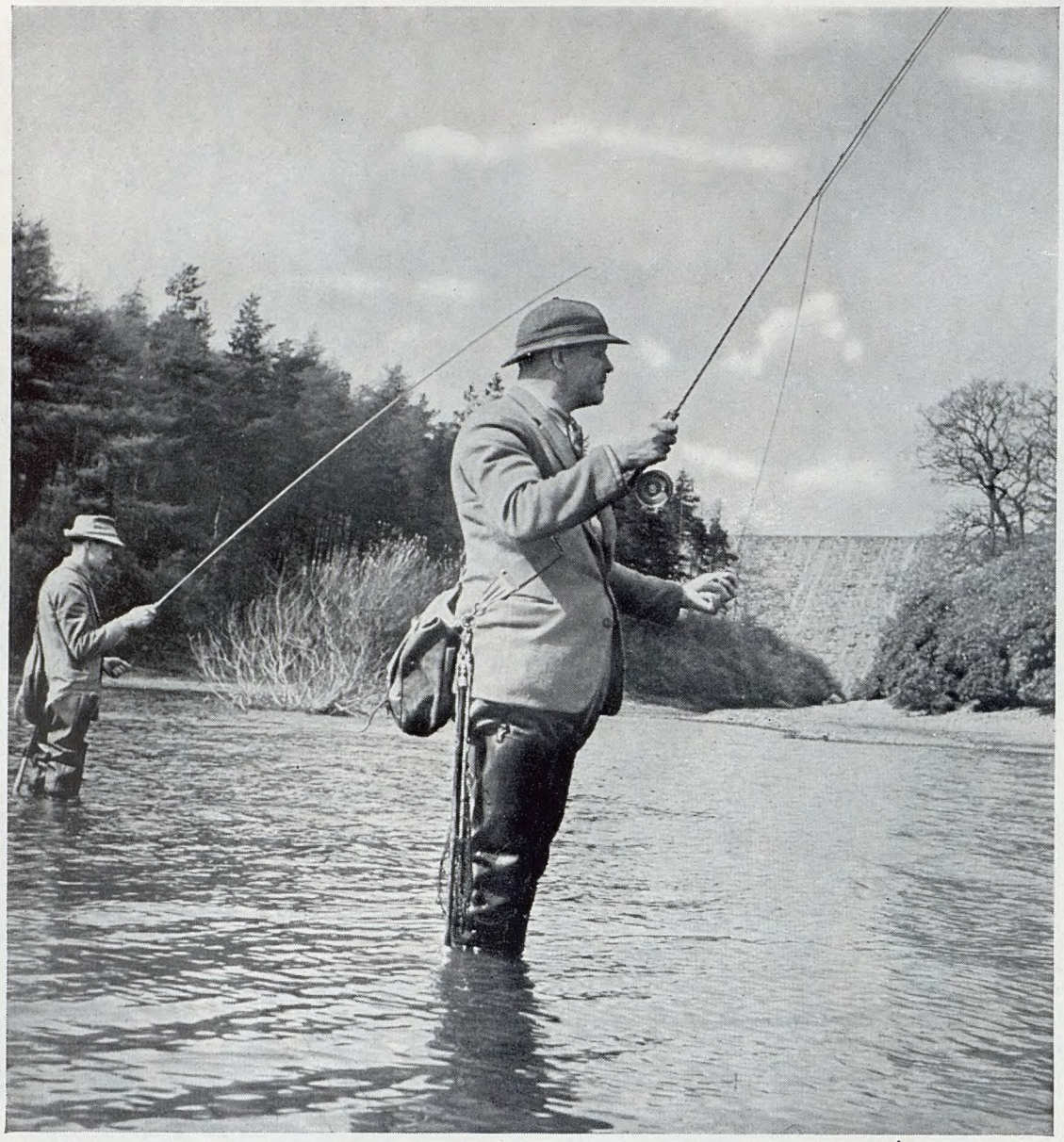


Luck or skill?

More than fisherman's luck, it is experience of water, weather and the wily ways of trout that account for success. But when it comes to well-earned refreshment on the bank, it is neither skill nor luck which ensures the perfection of the reviving draught of coffee—when, as is most probable nowadays, it is made with Nescafé. For with Nescafé, you cannot help producing coffee as it should be made; stimulating, fragrant, lively with roaster-fresh flavour!

there's always time for

NESCAFÉ
100% PURE COFFEE

144

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

WHAT THE ★★★ FORETELL...

You will go on a journey---!

For you Madam three stars in the constellation Courvoisier foretell a journey, a pleasant surprise and a personal triumph.

You will make the journey to the wine merchants and order Courvoisier Cognac: Three Star for the long drink, V.S.O.P. for the liqueur. You will be surprised that Cognac Brandy of such quality is so modest in price and then . . .

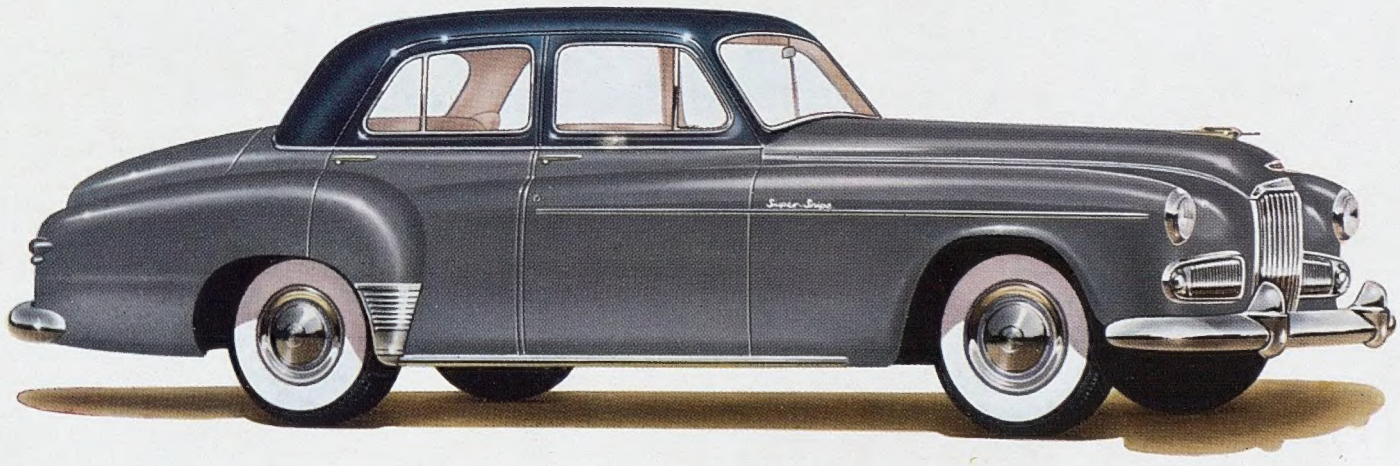
That evening a man will look at you over his glass, a long, warm, reflective look; he is thinking ". . . how right she is . . . how clever of her to know." Madam you now have the lead in dummy.

As for you Sir, you have Courvoisier in your glass and, if you were not born yesterday, you may now be discreetly outrageous.

COURVOISIER
COGNAC
The Brandy of Napoleon
★★★ and V.S.O.P.

Look at the gleaming elegance of the graceful Super Snipe—feel the deep-seat luxury of the spacious interior with its impeccable finish—experience the blithe nonchalance with which the engine whispers at 90 and you'll know the exhilaration of perfect motoring . . . and at a price that puts Humber first for fine-car value.

Now available with OVERDRIVE as an extra.



HUMBER SUPER SNIPE

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

By Appointment to the late King George VI Motor Car Manufacturers Humber Ltd.

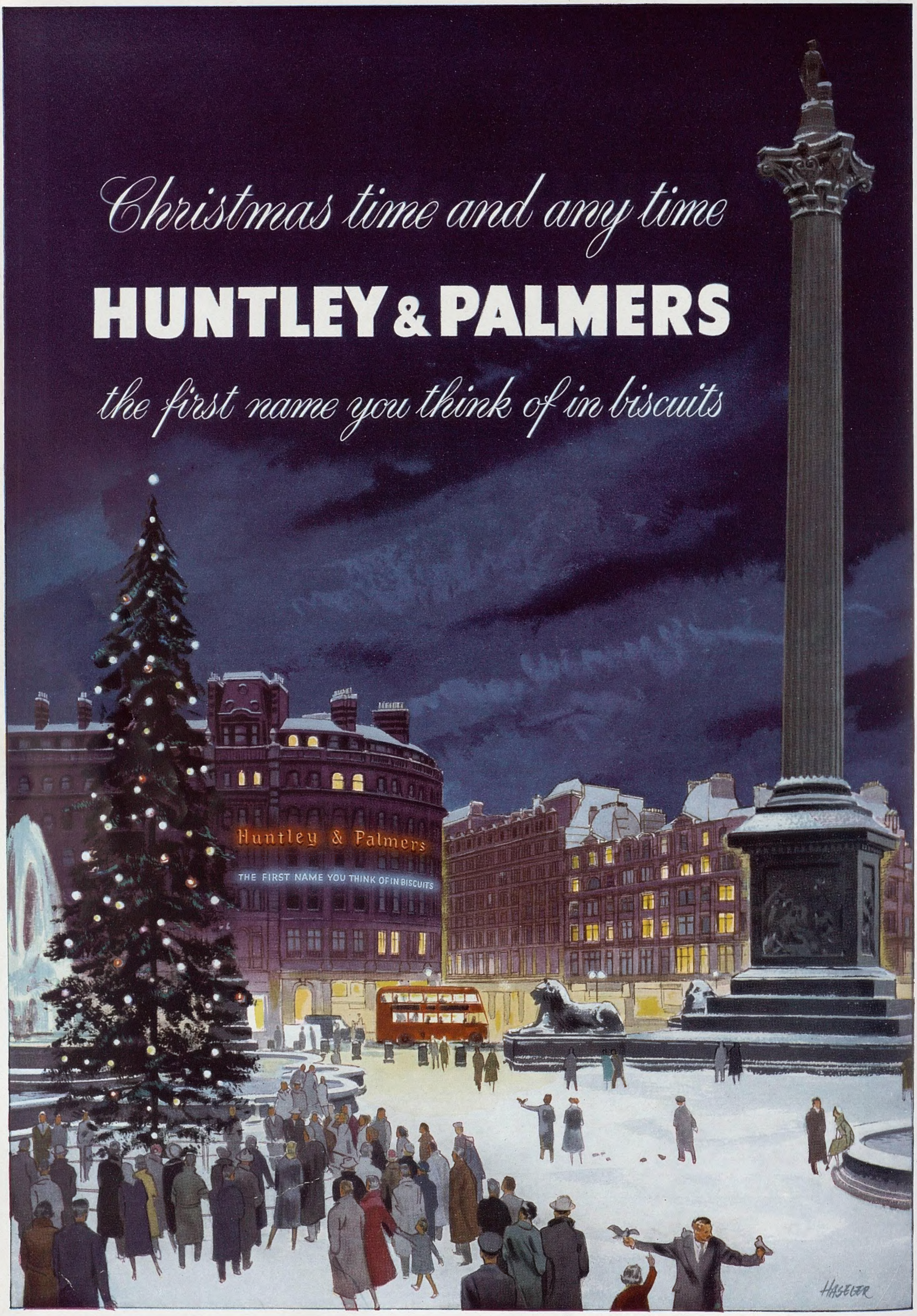
HUMBER LIMITED · COVENTRY · LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT DIVISION : ROOTES LTD · DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · PICCADILLY W.1

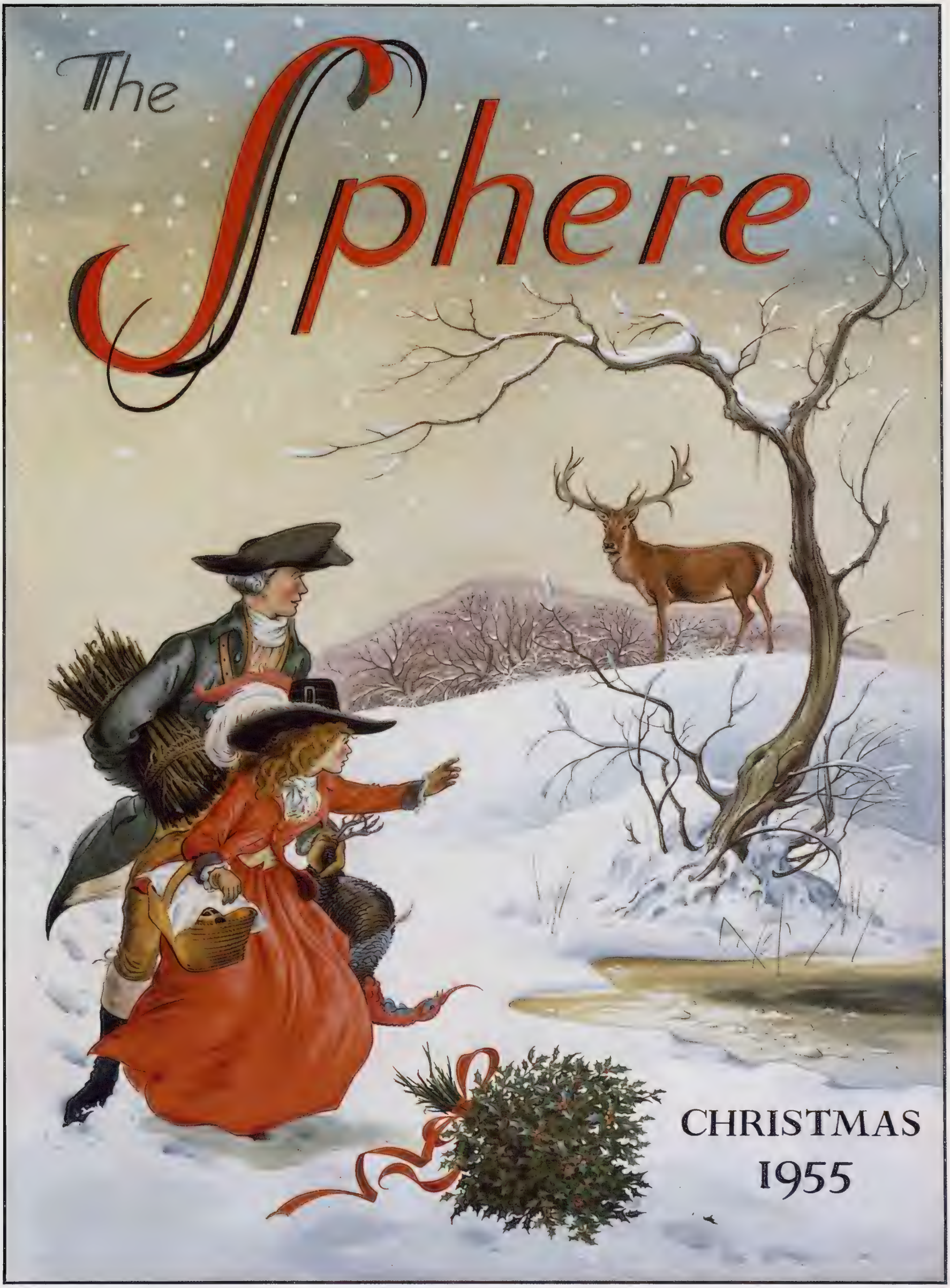
b

Christmas time and any time

HUNTLEY & PALMERS

the first name you think of in biscuits

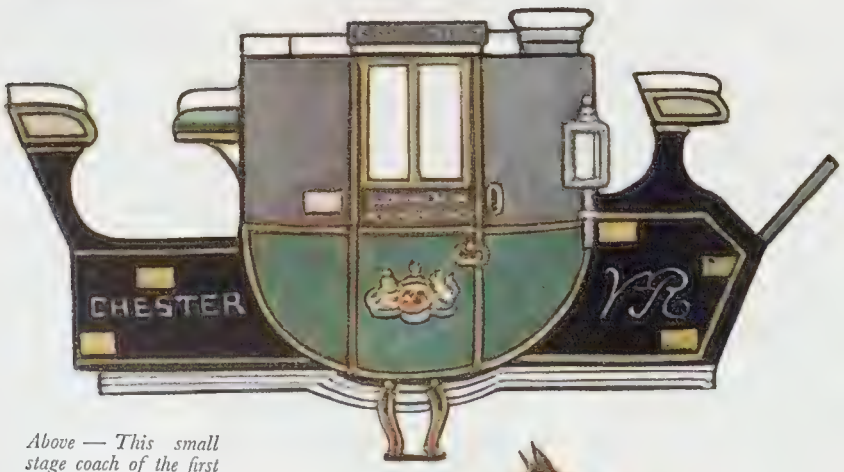




Christmas Morning
Bringing Home the Christmas Dinner

A Late 18th-Century Scene Specially Painted for "The Sphere" by Pauline Baynes

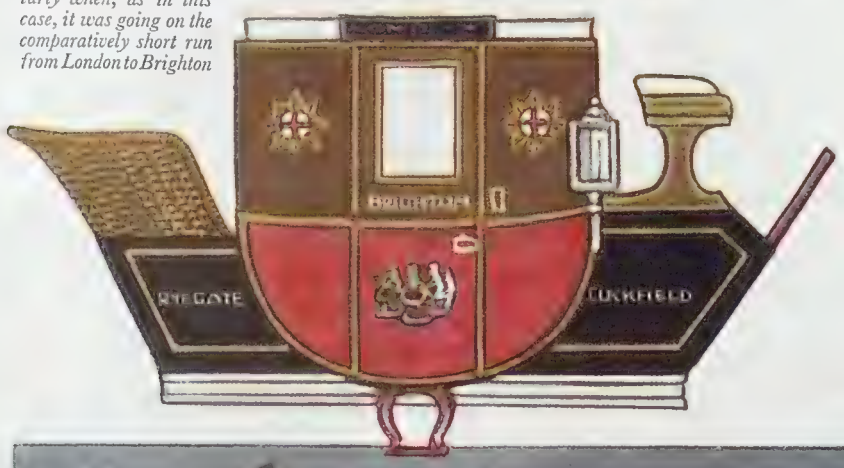
Travelling with



Above — This small stage coach of the first year of Queen Victoria's reign was of a type doubtless patronised by Mr. Pickwick and his friends. Outside, two found places by the driver, and three could accommodate themselves at the back

"Commodore!

Below — The large stage coach was able to squeeze a greater number of people on its "outsides," particularly when, as in this case, it was going on the comparatively short run from London to Brighton



In the Travellers' Waiting-room of the "Golden Cross" were seated Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Winkle and the Helpful Stranger in the Green Coat. Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the Rochester coachman to announce that *The Commodore* was on the point of starting. "*Commodore!* my coach," said the Stranger, and when it was discovered that all were bound for the same destination it was agreed they should occupy the seat at the back of the coach, "where they could all sit together."

From this evidence we can deduce that Mr. Pickwick and his friends were travelling on a large type of stage coach. This would keep "a good, steady substantial sort of pace on level ground." But it was by no means the fastest form of transport available for them. There was the smaller-sized stage coach, which was considerably speedier, but at most, carried only five or six outside. Perhaps two could be squeezed in by the driver and three crammed on the seat at the back.

But if one really wanted to move in those days, one looked for a place on a mail coach. The vehicles carrying the Royal Mail had what we should nowadays call "top priority," and their rights over all other transport on the

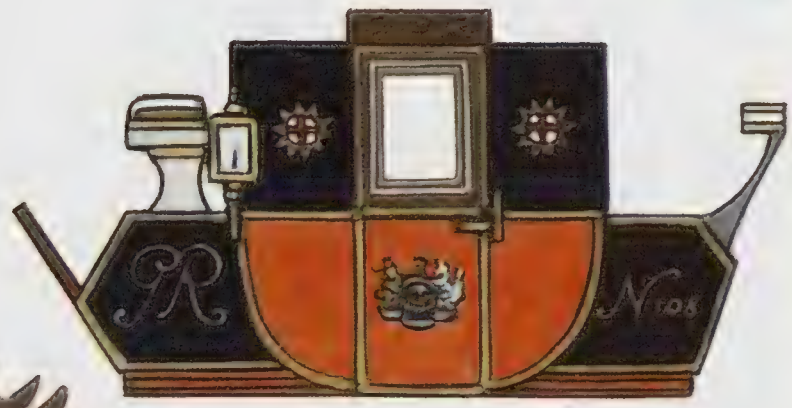
Mr. Pickwick

Illustrated by Millar Watt

my coach." After hearing this immortal remark, Mr. Pickwick and his company are hurrying from the "Golden Cross" inn to board the coach for Rochester

roads were governed by Acts of Parliament. Lighter and more elegantly-built than the sturdy stage coach, the mail coach was proudly painted in scarlet, with the door-panels usually proclaiming the monogram of the reigning sovereign. Its departure from London was a daily event which never failed to attract a crowd.

As, with its glinting colours, it bowled along the high road with the fast-trotting horses seeming to breathe steam, the guard at the back would sound his horn, the signal for all on the road to allow the Royal Mail free passage. It is not unlikely that Mr. Pickwick and company would have been passed by such a splendid equipage on the journey in the slower stage coach to Rochester. But such rapid travel as that achieved by the mail coaches had its dangers. One such is illustrated below. In winter it might sometimes happen that the coach ran into a snowdrift. Then, according to the law, the guard must take one of the horses and ride with the mailbags to the nearest coaching centre, from where arrangements could be made for forwarding the bags. The same regulations applied when the hazard encountered was flood, or mud. And stage coaches which came to the scene of the mishap were expected to give all the help they could.



The mail coach was built for speed. So on this fast model no more than one or two passengers would be carried outside

In the last days of coaching this heavy mail coach would take a number of passengers

Buckler's Hard—timber is stacked in the roadway for building a fighting ship—the first, launched in 1745, was the 14-gun "Surprise"

The Great Days at Buckler's Hard

Painted for "The Sphere" by Montague Dawson

No place once vibrant with industry has so given itself up to legendary dreams as Buckler's Hard, on the west bank of Hampshire's Beaulieu Creek. A broad, grassy street of staid, red-bricked, gabled houses leads to an old landing-stage. The modest creek, fringed with reeds, winds between low hills, and on its leisurely flow to the Solent ambles round shingle spits and mudbanks. It would seem to have been always a haunt of wildfowl disturbed only by an occasional cockleshell boat, sailing dinghy or cabin cruiser.

Yet a lord of Beaulieu once planned to make it a port and depot for his West Indian trade. In the eighteenth century it clanged with the hammers of shipwrights shaping from stout New Forest timbers the Hearts of Oak that served Nelson at Trafalgar. Buckler's Hard was a cradle of sea-power and victory.

Illustrious, of seventy-four guns, was built there; *Agamemnon*, *Swiftsure*, *Euryalus*, and many other fine ships. Down that placid creek they went, round Needs Oar Point and the Lepe headland to Portsmouth, towed by sailors straining at the oars in rowing-boats. Master-shipwright Adams, in his modest house by the busy yards, was proud of the skill that made them the finest Navy ships afloat, proud of the men who worked ungrudgingly to complete them in time for England's urgent need, and bring reflected glory to the little Hard.

His house on the north side—a hotel since 1936—is a stolid one of brick and tile, with pedimented doorway and more than a dozen rooms, including a banqueting room at the side where launchings were celebrated. When *Illustrious* was launched in 1789 about 150 stayed to dinner, and "the day was spent with great conviviality." A big launching would draw up to 10,000 people. Stands and booths were erected, and as hats were raised and cheers rang out, a band played "God Save the King" and "Off She Goes." These were proud days for the Hard and its master-builder.

Most of all might it take pride in 64-gun *Agamemnon*, for Nelson was appointed to command her in 1793 on the eve of war with France. For three illustrious years and more he carried her through brilliant engagements, staunchly refusing larger ships.

Echoes of this mingled with the hammer-clatter at Buckler's Hard in its heydays, urging the shipwrights to yet prouder endeavours, until the passing of wooden hulls left it to twilight sleep. **TREVOR ALLEN**

A newly launched frigate is towed by rowing-boats down Beaulieu River on her way to the open sea

Building one of Nelson's ships at the yards at Buckler's Hard—a thousand good oaks were used in the construction of a first-rate vessel

A party at Master-builder Adams' house in the main street of Buckler's Hard after a successful launching

A Victorian

Specially
for "The Sphere"

On Christmas Eve the children are sent out in the morning to gather decorations for the house. In the afternoon the guests who are to spend Christmas with the family arrive to a warm welcome. In the evening the carol-singers appear at the door, and are rewarded with glasses of mulled claret. The children decorate the room and adjust the mistletoe before going to bed. Comes Christmas morning, and the excitement of unwrapping the presents. Later the whole family goes to church, the ladies wearing their best shawls. Then the grown-ups sit down to dinner, with cook bringing in triumphantly the Christmas pudding. Then Boxing Day, the day of the great Ball in the evening. But first, the children are taken to see the skating before returning for their own party.

"Gay and merry was the time," wrote Dickens in *The Pickwick Papers*, describing the family scene. "And numerous indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families, whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide, in the restless struggles of life, are then reunited, and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good will, which is a source

Christmas

Drawn

by J. S. Goodall

of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilised nations, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first joys of a future condition of existence, provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies, does Christmas time awaken!

"We write these words now, many miles distant from the spot at which, year after year, we met on that day, a merry and joyous circle. Many of the hearts that throbbed so gaily then, have ceased to beat; many of the looks that shone so brightly then, have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped have grown cold; the eyes we sought have hid their lustre in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstances connected with those happy meetings, crowd upon our mind at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday! Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can transport the sailor and the traveller, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home!"

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"*Her First Bouquet*"

Detail from the Picture by Charles Green which he Painted in 1868

Charles Green, who painted *Her First Bouquet*, was one of the most popular Victorian illustrators, some of his work appearing in early numbers of *The Graphic* (now incorporated in *The Sphere*). The above reproduction is a section of a large water-colour, the original being 31½ ins. long by 22ins. deep. Green drew many black-and-white illustrations for Dickens's novels; and for the foremost periodicals of his day. His last work was ten drawings for the Gadshill edition of *Great Expectations*. In 1864, when twenty-four years old, he became an Associate of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours and four years later was elected a full member. He also painted in oils and often exhibited at the Royal Academy. The Victorians demanded a high standard of draughtsmanship; Charles Green easily attained it as may be seen in the beautifully executed work reproduced above. Dickens was also his inspiration for many water-colour paintings, notably *Nell and her Grandfather at the Races*; *Captain Cuttle and Florence Dombey*; *Barnaby Rudge and the Rioters*; *Mr. Mantalini and the Brokers*; and *The Pickwick Club*.

Augustus Hare's Tales of the Supernatural

A Selection from the Famous Story-teller's Macabre Repertoire

There could be few more acceptable guests at a party round a Christmas Fireside than Augustus Hare. He was the teller par excellence *of tales of the supernatural. In the latter part of the last century he had an unrivalled reputation for his stories of clairvoyance through dreams, of telepathy and, above all, of ghosts. Fortunately for later generations, Hare recorded the bulk of his stories in his many volumes of memoirs and diaries. (The stories in this article are taken from the abridged edition of Hare—*In My Solitary Life, *edited by Malcolm Barnes and published by Allen and Unwin in* 1953.)

It was in his personality that Augustus Hare's true importance lay. He was well connected by birth. His social life largely consisted of rounds of visits to country houses in Britain or to the mansions of nobility abroad, or in entertaining in his own home at Holmhurst, at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, in Sussex. The Victorians had no mechanical means of entertainment; the indoor pastimes for a house-party would be cards or perhaps music. The members were very much thrown on their own resources. It was here that Hare came into his own. The hostess would have little difficulty in prevailing on Mr. Hare to tell some of his stories, and as ghost succeeded ghost his listeners would be enthralled and perhaps not a little frightened. All his stories were true in the sense that he did not invent them from his own imagination but had carefully collected them from people who were themselves witnesses of the supernatural phenomena or had received the accounts from a source regarded as reliable.

Hare, who died in 1903, *had a strident, somewhat metallic voice. He was not good-looking, but a prominent feature of his face was his piercing eyes, and no doubt these eyes held his listeners in thrall.*

"... she felt, from the invisible presence, a violent pressure..."

"... highwaymen ... were waiting to attack him; but they refrained..."

ONE of the last stories Augustus Hare recorded was told to him while he was staying at Baddesley Clinton in 1902, *three months before his death:—*

Mme. de Navarro, better known as the beautiful Miss Mary Anderson, was in the habit of frequently visiting the Lyttons at Knebworth, and had always been given the same room there, a very pretty bright room with French furniture. But once, when she reached Knebworth, Lady Lytton said to her, "I am very sorry that I cannot give you your usual room this time, as my mother is occupying it, and I must not move her." And she was given a large panelled room with an old-fashioned four-poster bed. The party were late that evening, having been much amused by a game of questions and answers in rhyme, and, after reaching her room, Mme. de Navarro stayed up some time longer answering letters of urgency. When at length she went to bed, she remained awake thinking of much better answers she might have written.

Suddenly, in the furthest corner of the room she heard a rustle, which increased as if a lady in a very stiff silk dress were passing down the side of the room. It seemed to bring with it the most intense sense of cold—an icy air—then it returned. Then it seemed to turn towards the bed. Mme. de Navarro sat up, when she felt, from the invisible presence, a violent pressure upon the shoulders, and was forcibly pushed back upon the pillows. At that moment the door of the dressing-room, in which her maid slept, opened and the maid rushed in—"Oh, I cannot stay in my room, there is something terrible there which has been trying to strangle me!" Mme. de Navarro went along the passage to the room where the French governess slept and asked if there was no other room in the house in which she could possibly take refuge. She said there was only one room vacant—in a turret, and there Mme. de Navarro and her maid passed the rest of the night. In the morning, when Lady Lytton was told, she said that the thing often happened and that her mother's terror of it had led her to take the room Mme. de Navarro usually occupied.

Hare's ghosts are by no means always frightening. Sometimes they are positively helpful.

14th July, 1879:—

Dinner at Lady Charlemont's. Mr. Synge, who declared at once his belief in ghostly apparitions, told a pretty story of a clergyman

(Continued on following pages) d

Augustus Hare's Tales of the Supernatural

(Continued from previous page)

in Somersetshire who had ridden to the bank and drawn out all the money for his poor-club, which he was taking back with him, when he became aware of another horseman riding by his side, who did not speak, and who, at a certain point of the road beyond a hollow, disappeared. In that hollow highwaymen, who knew the clergyman was coming with the money, were waiting to attack him; but they refrained, "for there are two of them," they said. It was his guardian angel.

3rd January, 1885, at Brancepeth Castle:

Mr. Wharton dined. He said, "When I was at the little inn at Ayscliffe, I met a Mr. Bond, who told me a story about my friend Johnnie Greenwood, of Swancliffe. Johnnie had to ride one night through a wood a mile long to the place he was going to. At the entrance of the wood a large black dog joined him, and pattered along by his side. He could not make out where it came from, but it never left him, and when the wood grew so dark that he could not see it, he still heard it pattering beside him. When he emerged from the wood, the dog had disappeared, and he could not tell where it had gone to. Well, Johnnie paid his visit, and set out to return the same way. At the entrance of the wood, the dog joined him, and pattered along beside him as before; but it never touched him, and he never spoke to it, and again, as he emerged from the wood, it ceased to be there.

"Years after, two condemned prisoners in York gaol told the chaplain that they had intended to rob and murder Johnnie that night in the wood, but that he had a large dog with him, and when they saw that, they felt that Johnnie and the dog together would be too much for them."

"Now that is what I call a useful ghostly apparition," said Mr. Wharton.

Augustus, being a raconteur of genius, may well have had a personal preference for his more macabre stories, some of which could be really hair-raising, as the story he heard in 1874 at the Athenæum Club:

Captain Fisher also told us this really extraordinary story connected with his own family:

For hundreds of years they have possessed a very curious old place in Cumberland, which bears the weird name of Croglin Grange. The great characteristic of the house is that never at any period of its very long existence has it been more than one storey high, but it has a terrace from which large grounds sweep away towards the church in the hollow, and a fine distant view.

"... At the entrance of the wood a large black dog joined him ..."

"There! There! Don't you see him? That young man with the light beard ..."

When the Fishers outgrew it in family and fortune, they let Croglin Grange.

They were extremely fortunate in their tenants, two brothers and a sister.

The winter was spent most happily by the new inmates of Croglin Grange. In the following summer, there was one day which was dreadfully, annihilatingly hot. They dined early and after dinner they still sat out in the verandah and watched the sun set, and the moon rise over the belt of trees which separated the grounds from the churchyard, seeing it mount the heaven till the whole lawn was bathed in silver light, across which the long shadows from the shrubbery fell as if embossed, so vivid and distinct were they.

When they separated for the night, all retiring to their rooms on the ground-floor (for, as I said, there was no upstairs in that house), the sister felt that the heat was still so great that she could not sleep, and having fastened her window, she did not close the shutters and, propped against the pillows, she still watched the wonderful, the marvellous beauty of the summer night. Gradually she became aware of two lights, two lights which flickered in and out in the belt of trees which separated the lawn from the churchyard, and as her gaze became fixed upon them, she saw them emerge, fixed in a dark substance, a definite ghastly *something*, which seemed every moment to come nearer, increasing in size and substance as it approached. As she watched it, the most uncontrollable horror seized her. She longed to get away, but the door was close to the window and the door was locked on the inside, and while she was unlocking it, she must be for an instant nearer to *it*.

Suddenly, she never could explain why afterwards, the terrible object seemed to turn to one side, seemed to be going round the house, not to be coming to her at all, and immediately she jumped out of bed and rushed to the door, and saw a hideous brown face with flaming eyes glaring in at her. She rushed back to the bed, but the creature continued to scratch, scratch, scratch upon the window. She felt a sort of mental comfort in the knowledge that the window was securely fastened on the inside. Suddenly the scratching sound ceased, and a kind of pecking sound took its place. Then in her agony, she became aware that the creature was unpicking the lead! The noise continued, and a diamond pane of glass fell into the room. Then a long, bony finger of the creature came in and turned the handle of the window, and the window opened, and the creature came in; and it came across the room, and her terror was so great that she could

"... a definite ghastly something, which seemed every moment to become nearer ..."

not scream, and it came up to the bed and it twisted its long, bony fingers into her hair, and it dragged her head over the side of the bed, and—it bit her violently in the throat.

As it bit her, her voice was released, and she screamed with all her might and main. Her brothers rushed out of their rooms, but the door was locked on the inside. A moment was lost while they got a poker and broke it open. Then the creature had already escaped through the window, and the sister, bleeding violently from a wound in the throat, was lying unconscious over the side of the bed. One brother pursued the creature, which fled before him through the moonlight with gigantic strides, and eventually seemed to disappear over the wall into the churchyard. Then he rejoined his brother by the sister's bedside. She was dreadfully hurt and her wound was a very definite one, but she was of strong disposition, not given either to romance or superstition, and when she came to herself she said, "What has happened is most extraordinary and I am very much hurt. It seems inexplicable, but of course there *is* an explanation, and we must wait for it. It will turn out that a lunatic has escaped from some asylum and found his way here." The wound healed and she appeared to get well, but the doctor would not believe that she could bear so terrible a shock so easily and insisted that she must have change, mental and physical; so her brothers took her to Switzerland.

Being a sensible girl, as autumn came on, she was the person who urged that they should return to Croglin Grange. As she urged it, her brothers wished nothing better, and the family returned to Cumberland. The sister occupied the same room, but it is unnecessary to say she always closed her shutters, which, however, as in many old houses, always left one top pane of the window uncovered. The brothers moved, and occupied a room together exactly opposite that of their sister, and they always kept loaded pistols in their room.

The winter passed most peacefully and happily. In the following March the sister was suddenly awakened by a sound she remembered only too well—scratch, scratch, scratch upon the window, and looking up, she saw, climbed up to the topmost pane of the window, the same hideous brown shrivelled face, with glaring eyes, looking in at her. This time she screamed as loud as she could. Her brothers rushed out of their room with pistols, and out of the front door. The creature was already scudding away across the lawn. One of the brothers fired and hit it in the leg, but still with the other leg it continued to make way, scrambled over the wall into the churchyard, and seemed to disappear into a vault which belonged to a family long extinct.

The next day the brothers summoned all the tenants of Croglin Grange, and in their presence the vault was opened. A horrible scene revealed itself. The vault was full of coffins; they had been broken open, and their contents, horribly mangled and distorted, were scattered over the floor. One coffin alone remained intact. Of that the lid had been lifted, but still lay loose upon the coffin. They raised it, and there, brown, withered, shrivelled, mummified, but quite entire, was the same hideous figure which had looked in at the windows of Croglin Grange, with the marks of a recent pistol-shot in the leg; and they did the only thing that can lay a vampire—they burnt it.

Not all Hare's spectres dwelt in country houses and walked in midnight churchyards. Occasionally they would become very up-to-date and be found in the then most modern form of transport, railway trains, as in this story recorded in 1879*:*

Sir Thomas Watson, better-known as Dr. Watson, was a well-known physician. One day he was summoned to attend an urgent case at Oxenholme, in Cumberland. There was only one carriage in the train which went through to Oxenholme, and in a compartment of that carriage he took his seat.

The train at Euston was already in motion, when a young lady came running down the platform, with a porter laden with her handbags and cloaks. The man just contrived to open the carriage door, push the young lady in, throw in her things after her, and the train was off. The young lady, a very pretty, pleasing young lady, took the seat opposite Dr. Watson. Being a polite, gallant old gentleman, very soon Dr. Watson began to make himself agreeable: "What beautiful effects of cloud there were. How picturesque Harrow church steeple looked through the morning haze," &c. &c., and the young lady responded pleasantly. At last, as their acquaintance advanced, Dr. Watson said, "And are you travelling far?" "Oh, yes," said the young lady,

(Concluded on page 51)

"... between them was a third lady, dressed in grey ..."

children's games

THE charming collection of pictures on these pages by Miss Pauline Baynes might well be sub-titled "Boys and Girls Come Out to Play" for 400 years. The progress begins with children's games in at least the sixteenth century and ends with a group of youngsters in the Kate Greenaway period of the reign of Queen Victoria.

In (1) children of late medieval families are tilting at the quintain on a wooden horse (a quintain was the dummy on which knights practised for tournaments) and wrestling on the backs of their companions; playing "Hoodman Blind," clearly a somewhat rigorous ancestor of Blind-man's Buff; and one child is enjoying himself with a whip top. (2) Juggling and (3) Cup and Ball are ways in which children have entertained themselves from time immemorial. (4) Brings us to a winter scene in the Elizabethan or early Stuart period—skating, snowballing, tobogganing and making a snowman. In (5) the seventeenth century is at Pallo (an early form of football) and Handball; (6) is a game known as "Hot Cockles," in which one player is blindfold and struck by the others. (7) Trap Ball and (8) Shuttlecock need no explanation. (9) is another seventeenth-century

CHILDREN AT PLAY

AGES TO 100

DRAWN BY

through the ages

FROM THE MIDDLE YEARS AGO

PAULINE BAYNES

favourite with the delightful name "Buck, Buck, how many fingers have I got up?" It was a species of croquet with circular hoops and shovel-like mallets. (10) *shows us a forerunner of modern golf. In* (11) *a game of club kyles (a kind of skittles) is in progress, and in* (12) *a boy proceeds, as boys have always loved to do, on a pair of stilts.* (13) *Eighteenth-century children are blowing bubbles.* (14) *The climax is reached in "Here We come Gathering Nuts in May" (perhaps more properly "Knots in May").* (15) *Quarterstaffs is a very old sport, and so is* (16) *kite-flying.* (17) *"Bear Leader" is another variant on "Blind-man's Buff."* (18) *Marbles (ring-taw).* (19) *Skittles.* (20) *Presents a composite children's playground of the last century: from the left—Birds'-nesting; tree-climbing; "Oranges and Lemons"; "Ring-a-roses"; "See-Saw"; skipping; bowling a hoop; "leap frog"; sailing a boat; and swinging. In spite of the increasing mechanisation in the twentieth century, which even affects children's pastimes, there is little doubt that a child of the 1950's would quickly understand the games of his ancestors and soon be most enjoyably at home among them.*

The Wedding Dress

The Story of a Strange but Happy Visitation on Christmas Eve

By CHRISTOPHER DILKE

"DARLINGS, I know it 's Christmas, but there 's something I must tell you."

Grace Hillaby had rehearsed the words ever since she stepped aboard the aircraft in Nairobi. She had spoken them softly to herself in the train which bore her down from London into the snow-covered West Country. She had brought them to their final form, and to the very tip of her tongue, in the station taxi—still the same one which had carried her as a girl fifteen years ago. And now here she was at Chine Fratrum. The taxi ground slowly up the hill, tilted forward and began the descent into the hollow. She leaned forward, looking for the lights streaming from the Vicarage on to the whitened lawn.

But the old house was in darkness. It seemed to be sleeping, snuggled into the landscape of hills and valleys, as the taxi turned into the brief drive and stopped.

"That 'll be five shillings, Miss Grace," said the driver. "And a merry Christmas to you."

It always had been five shillings. It was one price which, through world war and social experiment, had remained unchanged. Just as she, as Miss Grace, remained unchanged, as if she had never married Ted Hillaby and become the mother of a boy named Peter Richard.

She had opened the unlocked door. "Merry Christmas!" she called back to the driver. And now there was a stirring upstairs. A candle wavered into sight at the head of the stairs, was held head-high while a muffled figure peered over at her.

"Bebby!" called Grace.

She put down her suitcase and ran up three stairs at a time. She would have liked to embrace the old servant but, as Mrs. Bebbs herself would say: "You 'ave to know your place in this world." So Grace had to content herself with a hand-shake and with resuming their relationship as if nothing had interrupted it: not marriage, nor travel, nor the tragedy that had brought her home across half the globe.

"I 've put you in your old room, Miss Grace," said Bebby. "And the water 's hot if you want a bath. Only you want to be careful with that waste-pipe. A proper work of art it is, and I wonder the Vicar doesn't do nothing about it."

But the Vicar had done nothing, as Grace realised, for a decade-and-a-half. It was hardly likely he would do something now.

"I 'll bring you a glass of 'ot milk a little later," Bebby promised. "It makes you sleep, 'ot milk does."

Grace needed sleep. Not only had there been the journey, but all the anxious nights—it seemed an age, looking back—since Peter Richard went bird's-nesting one day and never returned.

"We 'eard about what 'appened," Bebby began in her awkward way.

But she was interrupted. The sound of youthful voices, in a variety of keys, was heard from the drive. "Noël, Noël," they sang.

"Madam said," explained Bebby, "that if they practised the 'ole week she 'd give them a shilling."

"Oh, but they shall have more."

Grace felt in her bag for the change which the driver had given her. She opened the door and held the big, glittering silver coins in her palm. The children, abandoning their singing, gathered about her, half-fearful to take such wealth. Then a little girl in pigtails curtsied and muttered all in one breath: "Thanks-ever-so-much-Mam." Her small hand shot out and seized the money and at once, standing in a circle round Grace, the children began again: "Noël, Noël."

Grace's eyes were swimming with tears when she came indoors. She had to turn aside to conceal her emotion from Bebby.

"I suppose," she said, making an effort to speak sensibly, "the Vicar 's paying his Christmas calls?"

"Yes," Bebby answered. "He and Madam, both of them, as they always do. And they 'll end up . . ."

"With the midnight service," Grace completed the sentence, remembering the procedure hallowed by time.

"Will you be going, Miss Grace?"

"Not to-night, Bebby."

She was afraid of meeting her parents and of having to speak those irrevocable words: "Darlings, there 's something I must tell you. I 'm not going back to Ted. I haven't told him yet, but I 'm leaving him. I 've come home for good."

Was it fair to Ted? She wondered again when she had put on a freshly-laundered night-gown and was sitting up in bed with the glass of hot milk, bringer of sleep, in her hand. Ted, she knew, had loved Peter Richard as much as she had: perhaps even more. He had spent half his time with the boy, training him to be a practical, open-air man like himself. Then, when the boy was slashed to death by the knives of the Mau-Mau, Ted had taken refuge in solitary work. He could not share the pain with her, Grace. It seemed that he could only dull it with his work, day and night, varied by bouts of drinking, when he became as savage as an animal. So Grace, just when she needed his help and comfort, was driven back on her own resources. She was constantly in fear of further menaces and violence, and it seemed futile to think of a new start in circumstances when the most precious was also the most vulnerable. If only Ted had helped—the thought had often been with her. But now she had an inkling that Ted, too, had terribly needed help, her help.

On the spur of an impulse she slipped out of bed and fell upon her knees. It was so long since she had prayed that no form of words came readily into her mind. But she murmured: "Be good to Ted. Make him as happy as possible. And please forgive me, God. Amen."

She felt better for that prayer. It left her calm and as if suspended from the necessity of decision, at least for the few hours of night-time. She yawned and cast a last glance round the room which had been hers until her wedding day. There was the old oak dressing-table with the knobs missing, so that the drawers had to be manipulated with loops of string; and the Queen Anne chair with the stuffing coming out; and the Russian doll, which was really twelve dolls, all different, one inside the other, on the mantelpiece. She looked fondly upon these treasures and others just as dear and familiar to her. She felt glad to be home and safe; but also guilty because of the husband for whom she had prayed, and who was far from home and far from safe.

From somewhere below, from the hall, came soft, musical chimes. Eleven o'clock. Grace yawned again, blew out the candle, turned on her side and immediately fell asleep.

She dreamed that she was standing at the top of the stairs and that it was striking two. On the last stroke of the hour a white figure seemed to float up towards her from the well of the stairs. She retreated step by step along the passage to her room and took refuge in her bed. But the figure in white came on, following her. And now she was sitting up straight in her bed and it was not a dream any more. She knew she was awake, for she was clenching her nails in the palms of her hands.

"At the foot of the bed the figure paused and swayed towards her."

At the foot of the bed the figure paused and swayed towards her. Grace was on the edge of terror, the worst she had ever known, when something in the bearing or appearance of the figure struck her as familiar. Then she realised it was herself: herself as she had been once upon a time, on the day, in fact, when she had ceased to be Grace Molson and had become Mrs. Ted Hillaby.

And now the figure in white, as if satisfied that recognition had taken place, glided on. It passed the foot of the bed and floated through a door midway between bed and window. The door,

". . . here she was at Chine Fratrum. . . . the old house was in darkness. It seemed to be sleeping, snuggled into the landscape of hills and valleys . . ."

Grace remembered, was that of a little box-room seldom used or even entered. Her curiosity was roused and fear seemed to have departed from her entirely. She rose, relit her candle, put on dressing-gown and slippers, and opened the box-room door.

Just as she remembered it, the room was small and unfurnished, equipped with a single tiny window and a grateless fire-place. At one side, below the window, lay a dusty trunk which was familiar to Grace as the companion of many childhood journeys. Of the figure in white there was no sign.

Grace's curiosity, the challenge which the apparition seemed to have silently uttered, drew her to the trunk and caused her to fumble with the decaying straps. Soon she was able to lift the lid. And there, packed in yellowing tissue paper, was her wedding-dress: the dress which the vision in white had worn. But how could that be? Clearly, to talk in a factual sense, the dress had not been unfolded or even moved for years. It was cramped in stiff folds and exhaled a smell of moth-balls.

Wondering, Grace lifted it out. And what a strange thing it was: modestly high-necked, with buttons down the front and long sleeves pointed at the wrists. Grace remembered the argument which she had had with the dressmaker over the padded shoulders; and how, five minutes before she was due to leave for the church on her father's arm, she had ripped away the padding with her scissors. Now she turned the bodice inside out and, yes, there were still the dangling threads.

She was about to lay the dress back in the trunk when something which had been lying underneath caught her eye. Perhaps it was what she had been intended to find. It was a leather photograph-case, folded together: a present of fifteen years ago which had somehow been left at home.

Grace opened the case. There, looking up at her from the faded gloss of the print, was a couple in wedding clothes: herself and Ted. But how smart, how handsome and elegant, Ted looked! Had he really been like that? Then she looked at herself: at the bright eyes, clear complexion and confident smile. With a little cry she snatched up the candle and ran through into her bedroom. Was she still like that? No, the looking-glass told her. She had altered as Ted had altered. An older face, an anxious, almost haggard face looked back at her.

For a moment she stood with the photograph-case in her hand, undecided whether to return it to the oblivion of the old trunk. Then she placed it, half-opened-out, on the table beside the bed.

She slept until the tiny alarm clock in her parents' room woke her at half-past six in the morning. Unbidden, as her first waking thought, the words came into her head which she had rehearsed throughout yesterday and the day before: "Darlings, there's something I must tell you."

It was still dark. She had to light her candle in order to make absolutely certain that Ted—Ted as he had been when she married him—was still at her side in the photograph. So the vision, the experience of the night, was not just a dream. It had really happened.

But did that alter anything? If she was certain of one thing, Grace thought, it was that she could not go back. Not to those African nights, the menace of the panga, the obscene terror which had struck once and might strike again. Not that! Rather anything than that!

"And there, packed in yellowing tissue paper, was her wedding dress:"

She had dressed quickly and now she descended the stairs to the dining-room. There, by lamplight, her father was busy at the sideboard. He had carved a thin slice from the loaf and was cutting this across and across, to make sixteen little cubes which he packed into an ornamental box: the bread for Holy Communion.

"Grace, dear," he said in his kind, vague, charming voice, "I didn't want to disturb you by wishing you a merry Christmas. I thought you'd sleep on. But how very excellent that you've come, and how pleasant to wish you a merry Christmas now."

"And a merry Christmas to you, Father," Grace said.

Those words, "There's something I must tell you," simply refused to be spoken. And they were made all the more impossible when her father turned directly to her and said:

"There's a great deal I want to talk to you about. You've been very brave and very good. We've admired you, you know, your mother and I."

"I wanted you, both of you, so much to get to know Peter Richard," Grace forced herself to say. "Your grandson. But it's too late, now, isn't it?"

"I'm not sure. Is it too late?"

The Vicar stood for a moment, looking at her with his tight-drawn, sensitive smile. Then he picked up his cloak and hurried out into a world which was just growing light. Grace followed him and stood at the door. She loved these hills and valleys, among which she had been born; and loved them particularly when a cloth of snow, as spotless as the cloth on the altar in church, was laid over them. She almost wished that she had accompanied her father, but it was long since she had taken the Sacrament. Also, she felt her guilt over Ted weighing upon her: a guilt all the deeper because she had not dared say anything about her intentions.

When Grace went inside again, her mother had come down. She and Bebby were busying themselves with preparing the breakfast. Flames were leaping up from the ring of the old range. In a very few minutes scrambled eggs, scones and marmalade and hot coffee were on the table. Mother and daughter sat down together.

"You must tell me about your plans, darling Grace," said the mother.

Now was Grace's opportunity, perhaps the last real opportunity, but still the words would not come. And while she still hesitated someone could be seen advancing across the snow to the window. It was a messenger-boy with a telegram in his hand.

"Thought it might be important," he explained, "so I come up with it, Christmas or no Christmas."

He stood waiting while Grace tore open the flimsy envelope and extracted the form. The rows of printed capital letters seemed to dance before her eyes. "TAKING LEAVE AFTER ALL," they danced: "STOP FLYING HOME IMMEDIATELY STOP LOVE TED."

Her mother took the form.

"No," Grace was saying to the boy, "no answer, thank you. And wait a minute. Here's five shillings. And a merry Christmas to you."

"It's a miracle," said her mother, reading. "Like the first Christmas."

And Grace, unable to speak for emotion, determined deep in herself to do better, to stand by her choice and face whatever must be faced—Grace, humbly grateful for this message of love, murmured: "It's more of a miracle than you know."

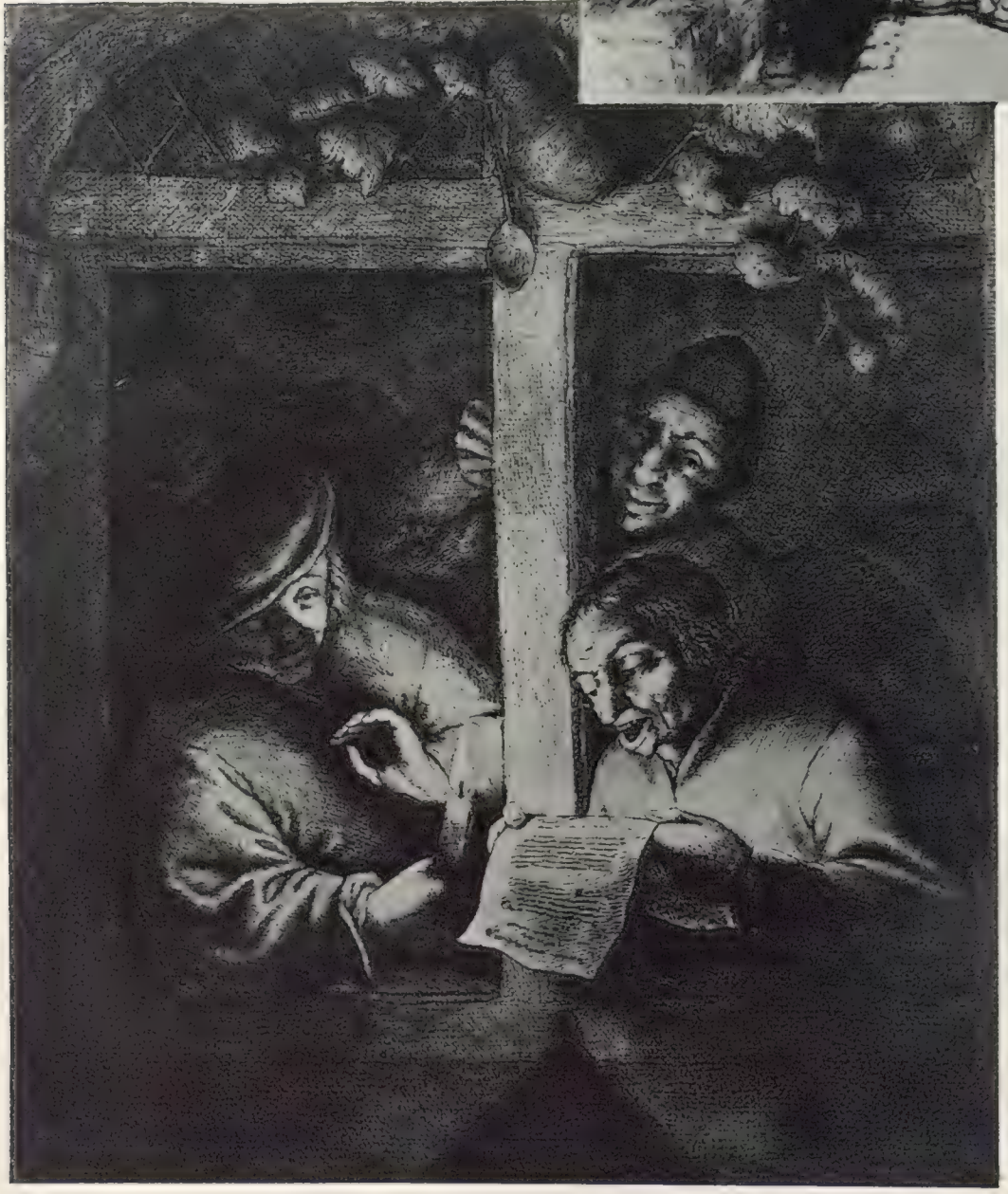
Street Scenes in 17th-Century Holland

Mr. Henry Moore once remarked to a friend that a sculptor might almost imagine taking a complete "cast" of a Rembrandt portrait, so miraculously do his painted heads seem to continue round behind. This plasticity combines with the psychological insight and mysterious chiaroscuro *of his painting to place Rembrandt among the profoundest and most human of the world's masters. Though his drawings and etchings may be less familiar, they reveal a kindred genius. Of his three hundred and more plates, the earliest were of beggar subjects, mostly done in pure etched line at Leyden, his birthplace. From these it was a natural step to Scriptural illustrations in which street-folk and beggars reappear. Imbued often with drama, and always with imaginative sympathy, those prints as noble as "The Death of the Virgin" seem like pictorial oratorios. In his landscape etchings of about 1650, Rembrandt drew the neighbourhood of Amsterdam with summary swiftness and delicacy. How easily one can walk in imagination beside his barns and leisurely canals. How easily, too, can one divine the thoughts of his sitters, in etched studies such as that of his dying wife Saskia. Perhaps his troubled life explains the range and depth of the Master's sympathies.*

These two etchings by Dutch Masters were exhibited earlier this year at the gallery of P. & D. Colnaghi, 14, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

BEGGARS AT THE DOOR OF A HOUSE:
From the etching by Rembrandt van Ryn.

One of some thirty Rembrandt etchings of beggar subjects, this print of vagrants receiving alms shows his keen perception of their features. Such was his rare sympathy also, that one can almost read the thoughts of the young beggar with his back turned to us. These types are both characteristic of Rembrandt's early plates, and true to vagabond life in seventeenth-century Holland. In general, beggars were tolerated in virtue of the Christian ideal of neediness, though the eighteenth-century rationalistic dislike of idleness was beginning to be felt. A distinction was certainly made at this time between the "impotent poor," entitled to subsistence, and able-bodied vagrants, whipped in England and starved in Holland to make them work. Meanwhile, their uninhibited expressiveness attracted artists throughout seventeenth-century Europe. Velazquez painted them in Spain, the brothers Le Nain as beautifully in France, while a school of Dutch and other immigrant artists observed the squalor in Rome with fascinated eyes.



Is there a suggestion of Rembrandt's dramatic lighting in this uncouth company at a window, by Adriaen van Ostade, of Haarlem? Certainly his single etched figures seem based on the style of Rembrandt's earliest period. Ostade was, in fact, far more a painter than an etcher, though the plates he etched in the middle of the seventeenth century show a true appreciation of the character of his medium. Peasants at play in the street, or at prayer in the cottage were his delight, and his best work is seen in intimate family groups. If at times the Dutch Master overworked his plates, adding dry-point to etched lines, he could nevertheless display grotesque liveliness and vigour which are reminiscent of the French draughtsman Callot.

On left:
CAROL SINGERS:
From the etching by Adriaen van Ostade.

Above: CARNIVAL DIVERSIONS
by Sebastian Vrancx

This lively Twelfth Night scene was painted in the early seventeenth century by the artist, who is sometimes known as Sebastian Francken. A sleigh, drawn by a winged horse, races down the snow-covered street, carrying a masked passenger, while gaily-clad mummers approach from the right. Vrancx, born in Antwerp in 1578, was notable for his paintings of cavalry battles, conversation-pieces, hunting parties and landscapes with figures and animals. On many occasions he painted the figures in pictures by other artists of his day.

Christmastide in the 17th Century

As painted by Dutch Masters

Below: WINTER SCENE
by Joost Cornelisz Droochsloot

The artist was born in 1586 in Utrecht, was admitted into the Guild of St. Luke of that town in 1616 and, in 1623, became Dean of the Guild. He produced many pictures of village scenes similar to that below, and was a distinguished painter of landscapes and historical subjects. *Winter Scene* shows a group of gentlefolk standing in the foreground, while villagers disport themselves on the frozen canal. The two pictures on this page are reproduced by permission of the Slatter Gallery, 30, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

Common Plants of the Field

Some Remarkable Enlargements of Common Plants, Photographed by Howard Coster and Godfrey Cake and Described by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald

LOOKING at the really wonderful photographs which accompany this article is a most satisfactory æsthetic experience. It is also, surely, rather a humiliating one. At least, I have found it to be so. For these are all common plants: most of them, indeed, very common. They are all plants with which, if we are gardeners or country folk, we are very familiar. I have known them all, every single one of them, since childhood. I live, as it were, cheek-by-jowl with almost all of them. Had I been given the name of any one of them at random and been asked if I could identify that plant, I should have said without the least hesitation that I could. Moreover, I think that it would be true to say that I could identify them all. But I have to admit that I did not recognise some—well, most, to be honest—of these enlargements. I might, for all I knew, have been looking at strange, foreign exotics.

It is true, of course, that these are enlargements—very considerable enlargements, in fact—and I suppose that this could be offered as an excuse for non-recognition. But I am not at all sure that it would be a valid excuse. After all, if we looked at these plants as the camera has done, then this is what we should see. Enlargement in itself is not a barrier. Practically every photograph of an insect is an enlargement—and a much greater enlargement than any of these—but we have little difficulty in recognising the insects portrayed. The plain fact is that, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, we are, unless we are specialists, content to see a plant without bothering to look at it closely. The over-all impression of colour and shape is satisfying enough: there is no need for closer inspection. As a result, it is the larger plants, whether wild or cultivated, that are the better known: the delicate miniature beauty of the smaller Alpines, for example, is an experience for the connoisseur.

It is true, too, of course, that familiarity breeds contempt. We tend to take the common or the plentiful for granted, to spare no more than a casual glance for something we see every day.

A BOUQUET FROM THE FIELDS

The small yellow flower in the centre of the jug is a Yellow Pimpernel; above it is Clover. Just below the lip is Birdsfoot Trefoil; continuing the curve of the lip, the purple Tufted Vetch. The blue flower, centre left, is Meadow Cranesbill with, below it, the small white flower of Hedge Bedstraw. Above the Meadow Cranesbill is Hedge Woundwort; with to its right, Self-Heal. Centre left, at the top, is Pepper Saxifrage; and centre top, the purple plume of Orchis. Below the Orchis, on the right, are the red buds of St. John's Wort; a Butterfly Orchis; Knapweed and Buttercup, just above the green frond of fern. Below the fern come Tuberous Bitter Vetch; and Forget-Me-Not. In the centre of the group are a Wild Rose and an Ox-Eye Daisy; and in the centre of the handle of the jug is Red Clover.

We are aware of its presence without actually looking at all. Inevitably, this means that we are aware, and no more than casually aware at that, only of the most striking feature; and that is by no means always the most beautiful. For example, everyone knows the elm. It is altogether too large to be missed. And—south of the Border, at any rate—it is so common, both as a woodland and as a hedgerow tree, that it is an integral part of the normal rural English scene. We simply take it for granted. And I suppose that every countryman—and a good many townsmen too (since the elm is frequent in urban parks)—is aware of its flowering. Elms flower very early in the year, about February, before the leaves have opened. The flowers are borne in dense clusters, individually minute, but so numerous that they form distinct crimson tassels on the bare stems. We are aware suddenly, on some bleak, grey day, of a crimson mistiness around the leafless crowns of the trees and are grateful for the promise of nesting rooks and the warmth to come. But how many of us have actually looked at an elm flower? And how many of us have actually looked at an elm bud? Yet, perhaps, the bud, pointed and slightly downy, is the most beautiful feature of a noble tree.

These thoughts, I have to admit, have been put into my mind by the photograph of the holly. The holly must be the best-known of all British trees. There can, surely, be nobody in Britain who could not identify a twig of holly, whether in flower or in fruit—or, indeed, with neither. And this, though they may never have seen it growing as a tree. As a wild tree it is by no means uncommon—and, if left alone, it is capable of attaining a very considerable height: I know some very large and thick holly trees in Shropshire—but in this country it is more often seen as a small bush or as a hedge, for it will stand up to constant clipping without protest. The flowers, borne in loose inflorescences, appear from May to August, are white and really rather undistinguished. It is the fruit that everybody knows, for it is when it is bedecked with scarlet berries that the holly becomes a favourite Christmas decoration. The use of the scarlet berry as an indoor decoration, incidentally, goes back to the dim past: the ancient Greeks used it thus, and they were certainly not the first people to do so. We all know, and love for its association, the berry. Yet, as the photograph so clearly shows, it is the peach-like bud that is the most beautiful part of the sequence. It is very small and therefore easily overlooked. I have never before consciously looked at a holly bud. I have been too accustomed to the holly.

And I believe that this would be true for almost all of us for all the other plants shown in enlargement here. They are all common, and we are too accustomed.

Every gardener, and probably every countryman, knows London Pride. I certainly do, and I should have said that I knew it very well indeed. But this photograph astonished me: I shall look at London Pride with fresh eyes in future. London Pride is a saxifrage. To most people the garden saxifrages are more familiar than the wild ones. This is undoubtedly the case with London Pride, which, as a wild flower, is confined to the south-west of Ireland, but which is a very popular garden plant throughout Great Britain. Nearly all our wild species are rare or local plants, and most of them are confined to the mountainous districts of Wales and the north. Indeed, the only wild one that is at all well known is the Meadow Saxifrage, with its white flowers. This is widespread in England and Wales, but even so cannot be called more than locally common. A few members of the family have, however, found their way into our gardens, where the tufted habit of the leaves and the conspicuous flowers make them exceptionally valuable in rockeries and for paved paths. London Pride, for instance, is especially valuable as an edging plant as well as for household decoration. A favourite potting plant is Astilbe (frequently, though wrongly, called a Spiræ), which may grow to a couple of feet. Other ornamental garden members of the saxifrage family are Syringa, Hydrangea, Heuchera and Escallonia. Cousins of London Pride are found in the fruit garden. All our currants and all our gooseberries are members of the saxifrage family.

The Stonecrop is a sedum, a family remarkable for its fleshy leaves and stems. These are characters related to the storage of water, and, as might

(*Continued on page 31*)

THE FLOWER AND BUDS OF HOLLY

Who looks at the flower of Holly? This spectacular enlargement is from an original blossom only $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch in diameter

LONDON PRIDE

The head of this orchidaceous flower is only $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch across

YELLOW STONECROP

"Poor Man's Pepper" is a common enough plant. The size of the flower is $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch

Common Plants of the Field

BROAD BEAN

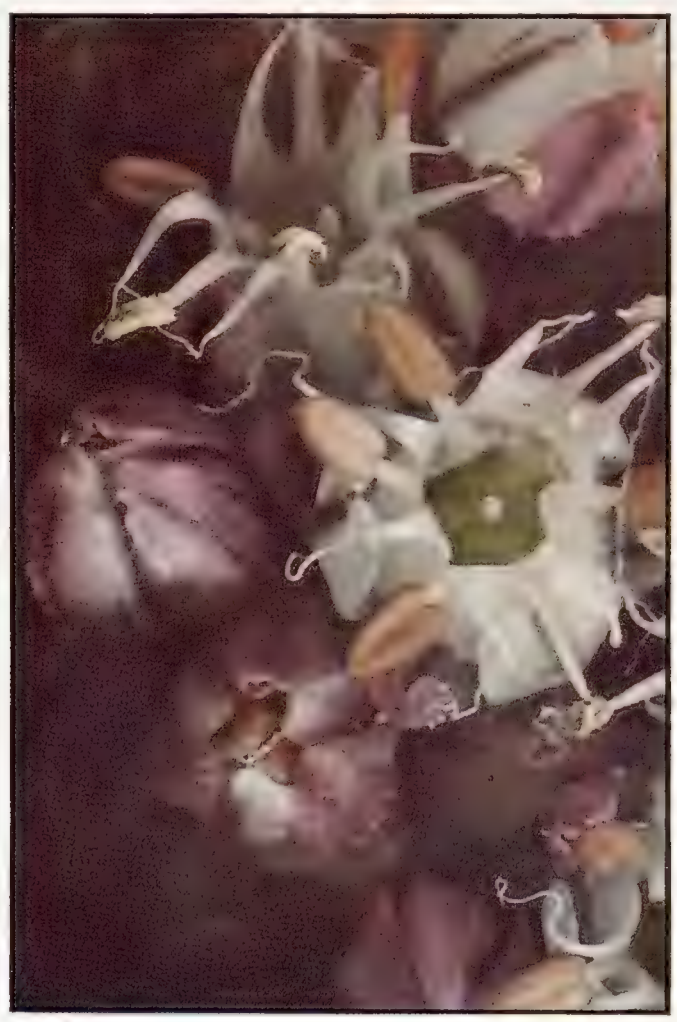
This "Lily of the Field" is only $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch in size as it grows in the vegetable garden

PARSNIP

The actual size of one of the entire heads, with its dozen or so flowers, is only $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch across

POTATO

The potato is more easily recognisable than most; diameter of its flowers is about 1 in.



LEEK

This strange flower, like some underwater growth, is actually only $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch in size

KEY TO PICTURE ON FACING PAGE

1. Wild Rose
2. Herb Paris
3. Meadow Vetchling
4. Red Clover
5. Valerian
6. Ox-eyed Daisy
7. Twayblade
8. Foxglove
9. Self Heal
10. Butterfly Orchis
11. Red Campion
12. Monkshood
13. Meadowsweet
14. Meadow Thistle
15. Yellow Flag
16. St. John's Wort
17. Comfrey
18. Sorrel
19. Meadow Cranesbill
20. Hedge Woundwort
21. Poppy
22. Honeysuckle
23. Scarlet Pimpernel
24. Ragged Robin
25. Hawkweed
26. Tufted Vetch
27. Dyer's Greenweed
28. Figwort

LIKE A DUTCH PAINTING—AN ARRANGEMENT OF WILD FLOWERS

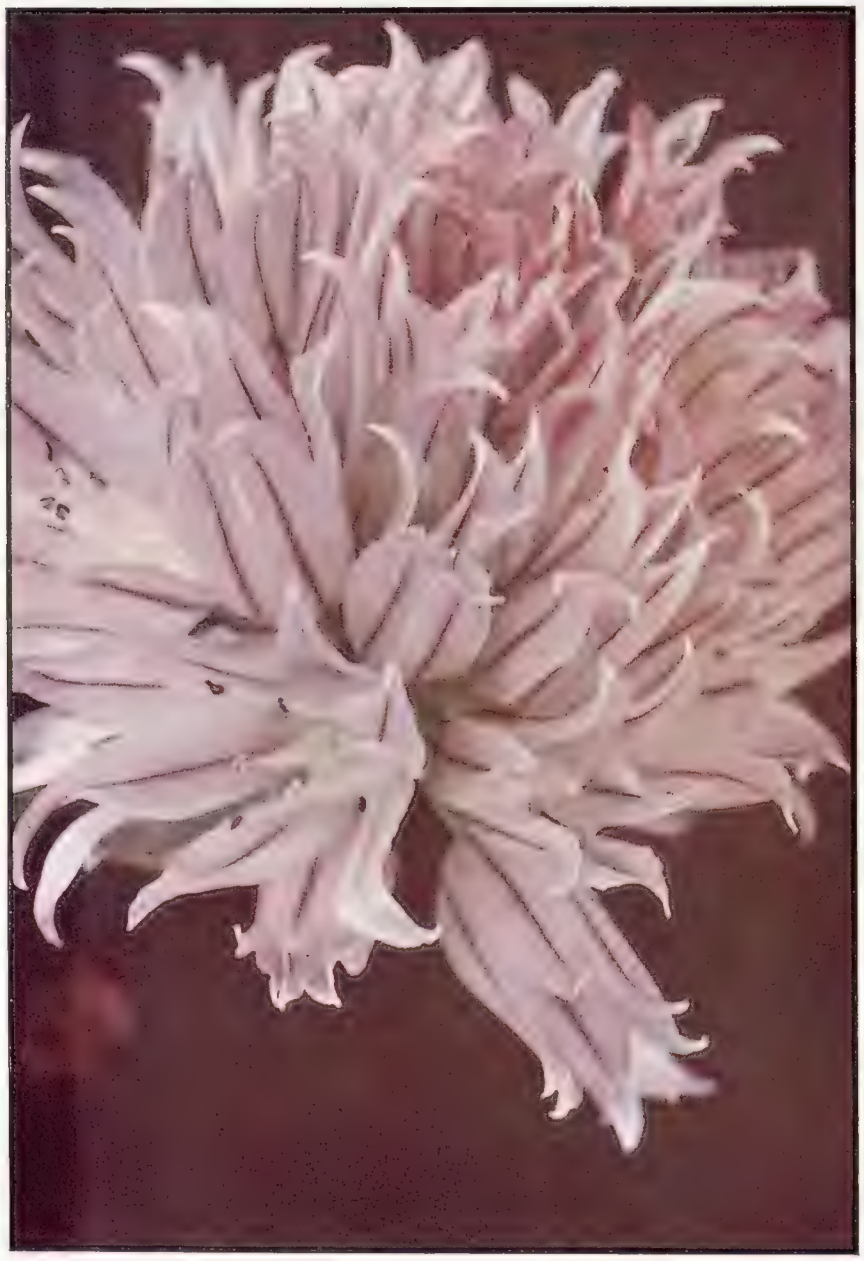
This charming bowl is composed entirely of common wild flowers. A key to them may be found on the opposite page

SPEEDWELL

This wild flower of the Foxglove family is only ¼ of an inch in width

RADISH

Here again is startling beauty in a tiny flower. The original was only ⅜ of an inch across



CHIVE

"Delicately beautiful, but far from conspicuous"—the original flower was only ⅜ of an inch

BRUSSELS SPROUT

The lovely yellow flower is ¾ of an inch wide and is here enlarged about nine times

Common Plants of the Field (Continued from page 26)

be expected, the plants live mostly in dry situations—on bare rocks, old walls and roofs. The most common English member of the family is the Yellow Stonecrop, which in the hot days (when we get any) of early summer, covers dry banks and old walls with a golden carpet. Here is a first-class example of seeing without looking. We are all aware of the golden carpet : how many of us know that the stonecrop really looks like this ? The plant is also known as " Poor Man's Pepper," because of its exceedingly hot taste. It is occasionally used by gypsies in cooking, when it serves much the same purpose as cloves in the housewife's apple-pie. The Yellow Stonecrop is, of course, valued in gardens : and there are a number of cultivated species of various colours. The Houseleek is also a member of the family. Its Latin name, *Sempervivum*, indicates its extreme tenacity, and this is a characteristic of another wild member of the sedums, the Orpine, or Livelong, which may originally have escaped from gardens. The Orpine may grow to 2 ft. or so, and has very handsome purple flowers. It will live, and even continue to grow, for a very long time after being gathered, even when kept without water. If it was originally a garden plant, it deserves to be reintroduced to gardens.

Both chives and leeks belong, as their pictures, I think, suggest, to the *Liliaceæ*, a family with a world-wide distribution and some 3,000 members. Perhaps because of this, the term " lily " is very loosely used in literature and, indeed, even among flower-lovers. For example, the water-lily does not belong to the lily family and is not even a monocotyledon. And, again, the arum lily is not a lily. In addition to the true lilies (of which there is not one native to this country), the family includes the tulips, hyacinths, squills, fritillaries, dog's-tooth violets, Solomon's Seal, Star of Bethlehem, lily of the valley, and the autumn crocus. Of economic value are asparagus, onion, leek, chives, garlic and shallot. The onion is one of the oldest of all food plants of mankind, for the edible bulbs were dug up and eaten long before the cultivation of any plants had been thought of.

It was accorded, perhaps because of its medicinal properties, divine honours in Ancient Egypt. The shallot, which seems to be a modification of the onion, has been known at least since the beginning of the Christian era, while the leek was certainly cultivated in the Egypt of the Pharaohs. Why it should have been chosen as the national symbol of Wales is not known. The distinction is sometimes given to another member of the family—the daffodil—which is more decorative, if less nutritious. Chives grow wild in Cornwall and in certain parts of the north of England. The plant has little or no economic value, but it is sometimes cultivated, for the leaves are highly flavoured and so are valuable for salads.

It is, moreover, " easier " than the onion and so is often available when the onion is not. The little flower is delicately beautiful, but far from conspicuous. Few people allow their leeks to flower, and few see the beauty of the onion in bloom. But alliums (which are, in fact, onions) of several varieties are becoming increasingly popular as garden plants. One or two are astonishingly lily-like.

The broad bean belongs to one of the largest families of all flowering plants. There are more than 500 genera in this family, but in almost every case the fruit is characteristic, being a legume derived from a single carpel. The vetch family includes trees, shrubs and herbs, and is remarkable for its great economic importance. The tree with which we are most familiar is the laburnum, and we all know two of the shrubs very well—the gorse and the broom.

Among the wild flowers the vetches, the bird's-foot trefoil and the clovers are so common (the clovers being used as agricultural crops) that one tends to overlook their beauty. Among the garden flowers of the family the sweet pea and the lupin are outstanding, both, though superficially so different, typical vetches. In the form of peas, beans, lentils and peanuts the family supplies mankind with foods wonderfully rich in proteins. Curiously enough, neither Shakespeare nor Chaucer thought much of the bean as food. The expression " not worth a bean " derives from Chaucer, and Shakespeare mentions it only as food for horses. The flowers are not only remarkably beautiful, but have a powerful scent. A considerable folklore has grown up over the centuries around the scent of the bean flower. Both the Ancient Greeks and the French considered the scent so heady as to impede judgment, and it was regarded—and recommended !—as a powerful ally in the seduction of young women : hence the popularity of bean flowers with the manufacturers of love-philtres. It is only fair to add that the scent reminded the Ancient Egyptians of decay and death.

The radish is a member of the *Cruciferæ*, a family with which everyone is very well acquainted. This is a natural family : by which I mean that one does not require any deep botanical knowledge to be able to recognise the family likeness. In nearly every case the petals are spread in the form of a cross—hence the family name. Most of the members of the family are herbs and a large number of them are cultivated for food. Indeed, man must have recognised the good qualities of these cruciferous plants very early in his history. All kinds of cabbages, brussels sprouts, cauliflowers, turnips, swedes, seakale, kohlrabi, radishes, watercress—these are but a few of the family used by man for food. The wallflower, the " gilliflower," which may sometimes be found growing wild as an escape from gardens, is typical of the family as a whole. Equally typical, and very much more easily seen since it is a common weed of gardens and agricultural land, is Shepherd's Purse. Other common wild flowers are Jack-by-the-Hedge and Ladies' Smocks, and, of course, Charlock, which is a voracious weed of farm-land. Of the garden plants, other than the wallflower itself, Honesty, Stocks and Candytuft are popular, and even a casual examination will show their relationship to the radish. The radish has its wild counterpart growing in the cornfields and flowering from June to September. The flowers are yellow, veined with purple, and are not used for decoration nearly as often as they deserve.

A BOUQUET OF COMMON HERBS

The common herbs which were used to compose this charming nosegay are, clockwise, Parsley ; the small pink flower of Thyme ; Fennel, with, below, a spray of Eau de Cologne Mint ; then, centre, the flower of Marjoram, followed by Lemon Balm, with its small white flower ; Parsley again, and, last on the right-hand side, Bergamot

Another natural family is the *Umbelliferæ*, the parsley family. Almost all the British members can be recognised at a glance as wild relations of the common parsley of our gardens. They have deeply-divided leaves and flat heads of minute flowers arranged in umbrella-fashion. This type of flower head is known as an umbel, and in it the small flowers, which by themselves would really be too small to be noticed at all, become really conspicuous. Very few are grown for ornament, and one rarely sees a member of the family in the flower garden. More extraordinary is the fact that the wild members are rarely picked for decoration, although, as can be seen from the photographs, they can be most effective. Economically, however, the family has great importance : parsley, parsnip, carrot, celery, aniseed, angelica, chervil are but a few of the members that have been brought into the service of man. Brought into service on occasions, but in quite another sense, has been the hemlock !

The potato plant has a most beautiful flower, though few people will allow it to flower in a border. I do, however, know one famous gardener who always has a flowering plant or two for their beauty and because they scent, faintly but sweetly, at night. It belongs to a most astonishing family, which gives us very valuable economic plants in the tomato and the tobacco (as well as in itself, of course), very beautiful flowering plants in the Petunia and the Schizanthus (among others), and two plants, native to this country, henbane and nightshade, which are extremely poisonous. I think that the relationship between Petunia and potato can be seen in the photograph.

The lovely little Speedwell, one of the most beautiful of all our wild flowers, is a member of the Foxglove family. This is very far from a natural family, and none but the expert could recognise the relationship between many—indeed, the majority—of its members. The Speedwells belong to the genus Veronica, and this is perhaps the least irregular group within the family. Except for medicinal purposes, the family has no economic importance, but many are cultivated, with good reason, for ornamental purposes.

I have, from time to time in this article, used the word " herb," and on this page there is a photograph of a particularly lovely bouquet of

(*Concluded on page 52*)

This panel, painted by W. G. Kingswell, was made possible by an aerial photograph, published in The Sphere three years ago. Round the border are the Arms of the Kings and Queens, from William the Conqueror, who established a fortress there.

WINDSOR CASTLE

in the Mid-Twentieth and Late Seventeenth Centuries

Mark Anthony Hauduroy, who painted the original from which T. Kip made the engraving reproduced on the right, could not have produced the picture above without a considerable feat of imaginative perspective. The conquest of the air has given new vistas to artists and it was an aerial photograph which inspired Mr. W. G. Kingswell to paint his remarkable panel. His special technique was perfected during a long association with the late MacDonald Gill, with whom he worked for over twenty years. Hauduroy's picture bears the inscription "William the Conqueror being charmed with the situation of this place gave several lands in exchange for it to the Clergy to whom it belong'd when under the Saxons and built there a Hunting House. King Henry ye 1st turn'd this House into a Castle and King Edward ye 3rd. erected it into a Palace on his Founding here the Famous order of the Garter. It has since received alterations and additions by King Charles ye 2nd. and King William ye 3rd."

FROM THE SOUTH-WEST

FROM THE NORTH

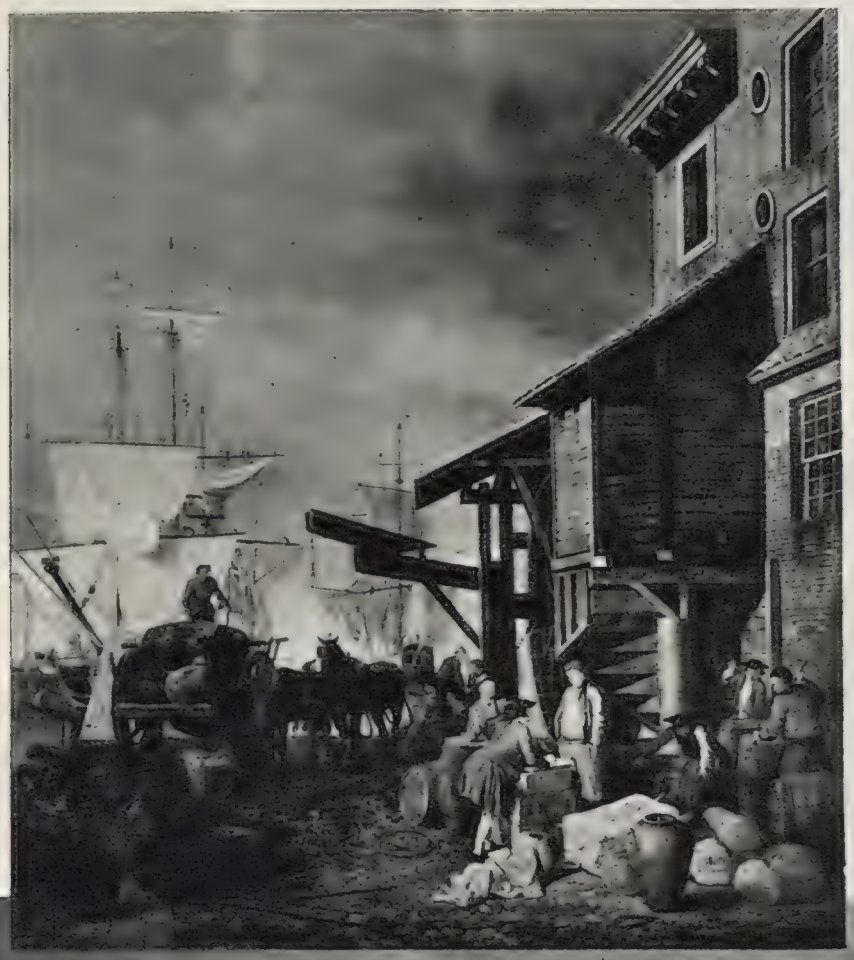
This engraving, made about 1690, is titled "The Royall Palace and Town of Windsor." The Round Tower was rebuilt by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville in the early nineteenth century.—*Reproduced by courtesy of The Parker Gallery, 2, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.*

Old Westminster Bridge, 1745—it was built in 1739 and pulled down in 1862

18th-Century London

As Seen by Samuel Scott

These three pictures were exhibited earlier this year in the Samuel Scott Exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery, and show his considerable talent as a topographical and marine painter. In 1886 he was somewhat grudgingly described as chiefly remembered for being one of Hogarth's cheerful companions on the famous water party to Gravesend in 1732. Now Scott is recognised as a worthy recorder of the London scene and a marine painter of some note. His debts to Canaletto and the Van de Veldes are obvious, but he developed distinct qualities of his own. Samuel Scott died in 1772; his birth date is not certain. It has been placed in the year 1710 by one authority and before 1700 by another. It is known that he bought himself a position in the Stamp Office for £1,000, which gave him a salary of £100 a year for two or three days' attendance a week, so that he could live while perfecting his art. He sold out when he could make a living by painting.



On left—Samuel Scott's painting of Custom House Quay in 1757

Old London Bridge, before the alteration in 1757, when the houses on it were demolished

Paisley Witches and Paisley Shawls

By George Blake

APART from the four big cities of Scotland, there is surely no town in that northern realm with which more legends are associated than Paisley, the county capital of Renfrewshire.

A Victorian politician advised the electorate of Great Britain to "keep your eye on Paisley," thus recognising its importance as a notoriously Radical community. It duly lived up to this reputation by rejecting Mr. Asquith in favour of the Labour man in 1924. It boasts, bang in the town centre, a grand old Abbey with a square tower, containing Royal tombs of the Stewart dynasty and much frequented by artists, architects, archæologists and historians. Every woman who can thread a needle knows that most of her sewing cotton comes from Paisley. And all who care for lovely things know something of the Paisley shawl, that beautiful commodity which, if now outmoded as a workaday garment, is very dear to collectors, to curators of museums and to those who have come by a specimen as an heirloom.

Paisley is a remarkable and fortunate town having a wide range of industry, so that it can, unlike most Scottish industrial communities, escape the worst effects of "slumps." If its economy rests largely on the production of cotton thread—well, women all over the world have always their own smalls to repair, their children's rompers to restore, their husbands' shirts to mend.

It is one of the strange things in human history that Paisley's leading position in the textile business stems back to a woman who, as a young girl, provoked one of the last, and by no means the least sensational, trials for witchcraft ever heard in Great Britain, as the result of which four women and two men were half-hanged on the Gallow Green of Paisley and then burned. One of the condemned males had already committed suicide in prison.

These ghastly happenings took place on June 10, 1697. It is on pious record that the Presbyterian ministers, who had had much to do with the conviction of the prisoners, appointed one or two of themselves to attend to each "one of the sentenced persons, to be dealt with by them, and waited upon to the Fire." Life was a tough business towards the end of the seventeenth century, especially in Scotland.

The girl whose goings-on led to the trials, and so to those painful deaths, was one Christian Shaw: Shaws being still thick on the ground in Renfrewshire. Her father was a small laird of the small estate of Bargarran, on the road between Paisley and the Erskine Ferry. The old mansion-house no longer exists, but the modern farmhouse of Bargarran still stands at an awkward bend of the highway.

It all started on Monday, August 17, 1696, when Christian Shaw came across one of the maid-servants, Katharine Campbell, helping herself to a jorum out of the household's supply of milk. Only eleven years of age, but precocious and perhaps rather a nasty bit of work, Christian reported the demeanour to her mother—as if a glass of milk could mean much in the domestic economy of a country house in the seventeenth century!—and Katharine, a girl of high spirit, is solemnly reported to have flown into a passion and did "in a most hideous rage thrice imprecate the curse of God upon the child, and at the same time did utter these horrid words: 'The devil harle your soul through hell!'" In old Scots "harle" means "drag."

It was not long thereafter—only a few days, indeed—that this cantankerous child fell foul of an old woman of the district, Agnes Naesmith by name. Meeting Christian in the courtyard of Bargarran, Agnes had asked politely how things were with Mrs. Shaw and her latest baby, to which the laird's daughter inelegantly replied: "What do I know?" Not a nice child, one concludes; and it would appear that the devil had by this time entered her soul as Katharine Campbell had wished. On the evening after her encounter with Agnes Naesmith the young lady of Bargarran started to behave in the most extraordinary way.

The gentle reader should remember that the records of the affair are perfectly serious, and that men of learning and probity were witnesses of Christian Shaw's capers. But it is also well to remember that the belief in witchcraft was still widespread, and that the cult was always powerful in this western county of Renfrew. It is relevant to recall that when I was a small boy my mother, a native of rural Renfrewshire, used to recite a jingle

> In Innerkip the witches ride thick,
> And in Dunrod they dwell . . .

and that I, who knew Dunrod as a pleasant dairy farm, believed her.

But the performance of Christian Shaw on the night of Saturday, August 22, 1696, must have called for a lot of credulity. It is recorded that she awakened from sleep, crying for help, and then, rising in her bed, flew across the room so violently that her skull must have been cracked on the wall had not a witness of the scene deftly fielded her on the boundary. All this was witnessed with "admiration" by the onlookers, including her parents. Put into another bed, the girl apparently went into a coma and was assumed to be dead, but she duly emerged from this trance and for two days thereafter was unable to sleep at all.

This was only the beginning of a series of remarkable occurrences affecting Christian Shaw. For weeks on end her sufferings included the frequent loss of the power of speech. Or her body would become rigid in such an arc of stiffness that only her head and heels sustained her. As the autumn of 1696 approached she was often seen to be struggling against some unseen assailant, so violently that it took four strong men to hold her down on her couch. By now she was prepared to assert in her more or less lucid moments that Katharine Campbell and Agnes Naesmith "were cutting her side and other parts of her body, which parts were in that time violently tormented."

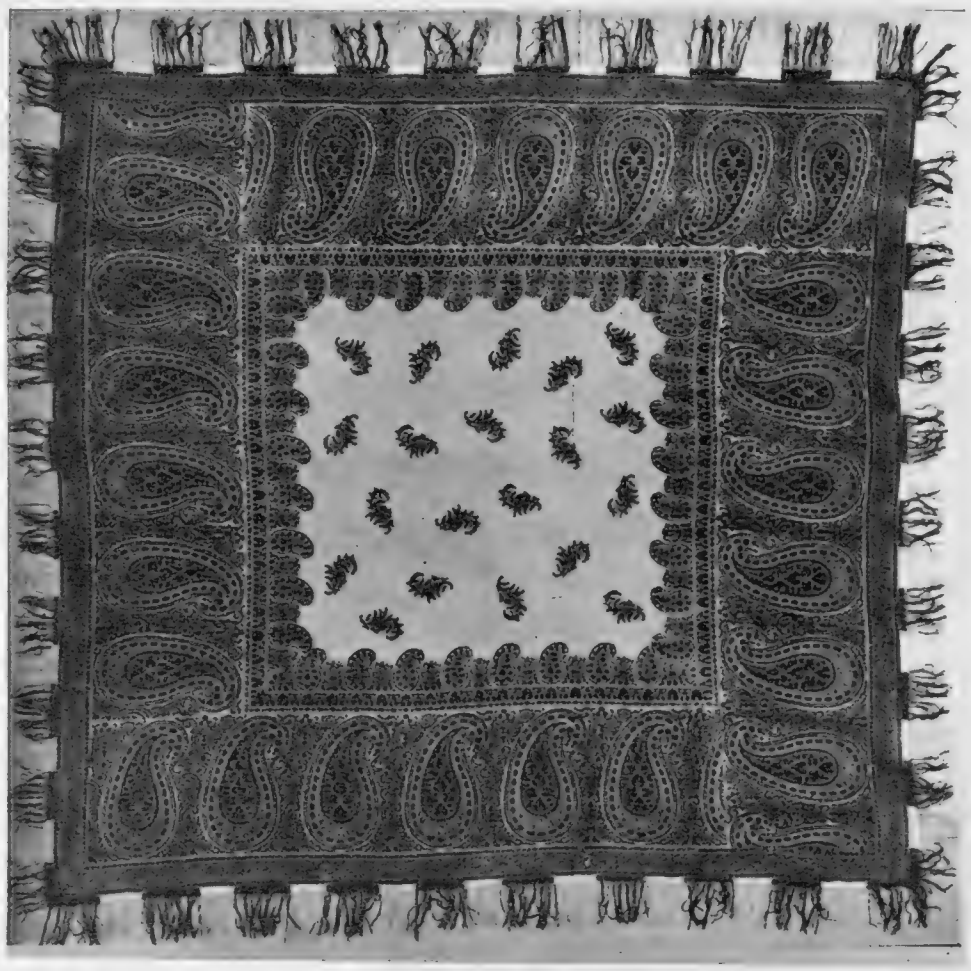
It was at this stage that her parents decided to take medical advice. A visit by two apothecaries from Paisley, who took blood from and applied plasters to the body of the afflicted girl, failed to work a cure; and it was decided to take her by boat up the River Clyde to be vetted by two specialists in Glasgow. On the way to the appointment Christian Shaw threw another of her acts: really sensational this time.

Resting awhile at her grandmother's house on the way, the girl "did thrust or spit out of her mouth parcels of hair, some curled, some plaited, some knotted, of different colours, and in large quantities." When she came into the presence of the Glasgow doctors she produced from her mouth "coal cinders about the bigness of chestnuts, some whereof were so hot that they could not be handled." Then she went on, this resourceful young female, to produce bones, fir-cones, feathers, bits of candle, egg shells and other materials quite unmentionable. After ten minutes of this she announced to the medical men that she was about to be seized with a fit, and in its spasms she cried out against the dæmonic influences of Katharine Campbell and Agnes Naesmith.

Those physicians of nearly 300 years ago, Drs. Brisbane and Marshall, were no fools. They concluded that Christian Shaw suffered from "hypochondriac melancholy," and they used the word "hysteria." They were only foxed by the child's capacity to regurgitate so many strange and unsavoury things. "Were it not for the hair, straw, etc., I should not despair to reduce the other symptoms to their proper classes in the catalogue of human diseases," wrote one of them.

The girl was appropriately treated but, put to bed at home, she set out on another line of cantrips. Now her racket was to call for the Bible and to read from it, aloud, her favourite passages in the Book of Job. She was even capable of a sermon to those who cared to listen. She fell back on her tricks of contortion, mentioned all sorts of people in her part of the world as tormenting her, and pulled off finally—and almost literally—her best trick, by clutching at the garments of an unseen tormentor, so effectively that the onlookers heard the tearing of the fabric. She was found to be holding a piece of it in one hand.

Such antics became so outrageous that the minister of the parish of Erskine intervened. His prescription was to set up every Tuesday as a day of fasting and prayer in the Bargarran household and, that failing, he finally brought the case before the Presbytery of Paisley. This body, "being deeply sensible of the sad circumstances of that damsel and family," ordered one of its members to prepare a report and then go on to Edinburgh to lay the matter before the Privy Council "in order unto obtaining a Commission for putting those who are suspected to be her tormentors to a tryall."



A PAISLEY SHAWL OF 100 YEARS AGO

It is one of the romances of commerce that the "harness" pattern of lop-sided pears, or rain-drops —Oriental fertility symbols—should have been so brilliantly adapted by Scottish weavers

It is cutting a very long story short to report that a Commission of local bigwigs was duly appointed, and that three of the local clergy were named to attend the investigations. These were made in Bargarren House itself, and Christian Shaw duly obliged with some quite remarkable performances. Through the night she could howl like any wild animal. She could tear down the hangings of her bed and rend her garments, "leaving not so much as her smock upon her body."

When the ministers started to pray she whistled, sang and roared; once she kicked one of them in the teeth. At intervals she took to her old trick of flying across the room, "carried away with a sudden flight, with such a swift and unaccountable motion that it was not in the power of anyone to prevent her." Meanwhile, she extended the list of those she thought to be plaguing her. She went the length of claiming to have been stung by the Devil in the shape of "a bumbee," and the ministers in attendance "did visibly discern the lively marks of nails of fingers deeply imprinted on that same part of her leg."

So it went on and on until the Privy Council in Scotland appointed another Commission to try the twenty-four people by now named by Miss Christian Shaw as her tormentors. It is the strangest feature of the whole daft case that some of them confessed to willing the damsel ill. In the issue of a trial that lasted nearly a month in the spring of 1697, and taken in terms of an old Act entitled *Anentis Witch-craftes*, six persons were half-strangled and then burned on the Gallow Green of Paisley.

It is really a revolting story, and we may wonder how this girl pulled it off, and why. Most historians have described it as a case of malevolent imposture, a contemporary describing Christian as a "wretched girl, antient in wickedness."

Others have put it down as a case of shock induced by the vehemence of Katharine Campbell. It has been suggested that she must have had an accomplice, even that that accomplice was Katharine Campbell herself, but that seems unlikely since Katharine was hanged and burned after a long and patient trial, during which she had ample opportunity of stating any facts of the kind.

However extraordinary her childhood, it is even more fascinating that Christian Shaw survived to be virtually the founder of a great modern industry. In 1718 she won a husband in the Reverend John Miller, of Kilmaurs, in Ayrshire, a position in which her Biblical knowledge must have come in handy. At the age of forty she was left a widow and returned to Bargarran to live with her mother. According to the invaluable *Statistical Account* of 1792, she soon became renowned as an expert in spinning fine linen yarn, and then had the idea of twisting it into sewing thread: a process she carried out at first with her own hands. It was not long, however, before the thread was being manufactured on a commercial scale, advertised, sold across the Border among the lacemakers of Somerset, for instance; so that when cotton came into vogue, Paisley inherited its staple thread industry from the bad little girl of Bargarran. A spool of "Bargarran threed" is still to be seen in the Museum of Antiquities in George Street, Edinburgh.

The Paisley shawl was a lovely if short-lived by-product of the town's eminence in textiles and its possession of a large army of highly-skilled weavers. These had long been foremost in the production of exquisite materials, and when the fashion of the highly decorative shawl came from the East they were well-equipped to take up the new and fashionable art with zest and skill. It is sometimes said that the first Cashmere shawls were brought to Europe by French officers with Napoleon's armies in Egypt, and the French were always skilled practitioners of the art, but it seems equally likely that specimens were brought home by British soldiers on leave from India, so many Scotsmen among them.

The Indian idiom was always prominent in the Paisley designs. Most people know the general character of the "harness" pattern—something like a raindrop stretching down a pane of glass, the pattern carried out in dark reds and blues. This represented the seed of the all-important palm of the East and, for the Indian, was no doubt a sacred symbol of fertility. That it should have been so brilliantly adapted by the rough, Radical weavers of a Scottish county town is one of the true romances of commerce. When one looks at one of the cumbrous looms now properly housed in Paisley's Art Gallery, one wonders how such exquisite and intricate work was done.

They worked from patterns and coloured charts, and they depended much on the services of the "draw-boy," whose business it was to stand beside the loom and sort out the coloured strands of wool or silk required at any moment of the process. Indeed, the vogue of the Paisley shawl was starting to wilt when the introduction of the Jacquard loom from France put the draw-boy out of employment. In this improved loom the supply of coloured threads was dictated by a punched card, much like a pianola record. The trade took a fatal knock when, just after the mid-nineteenth century, ingenious men found a way of printing the designs on cheap fabrics. As before and many times since, the craftsman was beaten by mechanisation.

In the heyday of the industry a good Paisley shawl cost fully £20—shall we say £100 nowadays? When the trade was at its best Paisley was reckoned to be pulling in £1,000,000 a year out of shawls alone. Every woman of that age, gentle or simple, must have a Paisley shawl. It was a "must" for any bride; it was required for the "kirking" of any young mother. The well-to-do would have one heavy, woollen Paisley shawl for winter wear, another of lighter material and in lighter colours for summer.

This latter demand of feminine fashion produced some of the most exquisite specimens of the art now to be seen. Breaking away from the conventional weave of the "harness" pattern in sombre colours, the craftsman would produce an elegant article with a white or cream centre and only a decorative border in mellow blues and yellows and greens.

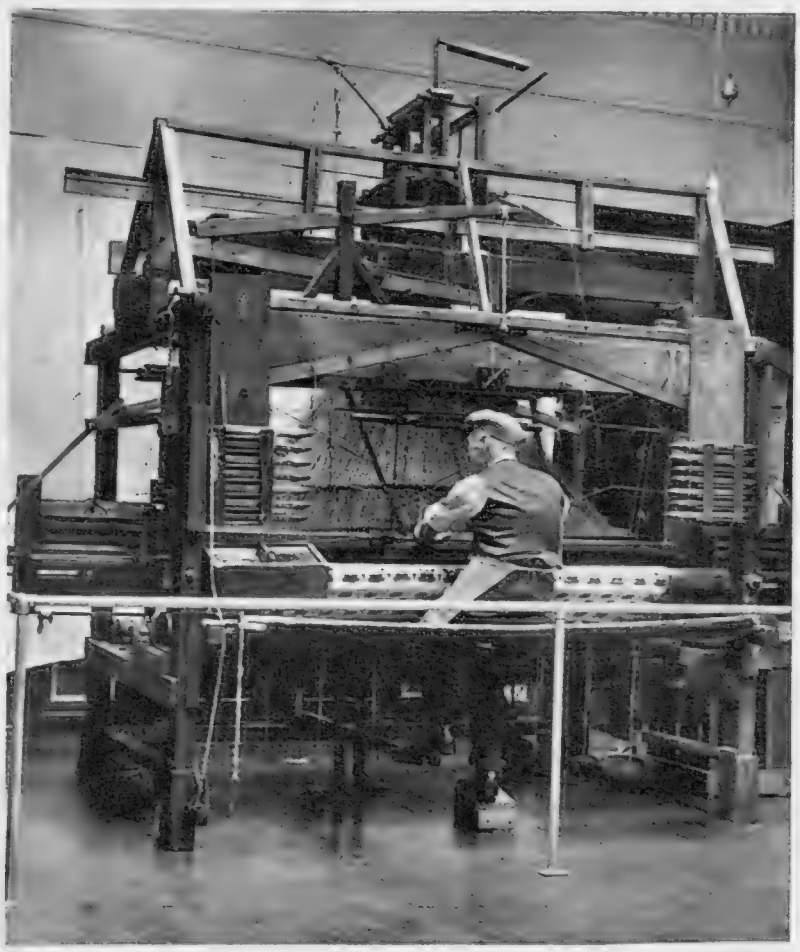
That was the last expression of both a fashion and a craft. Whether or not the mechanics of printing killed the Paisley shawl, the industry was dead by 1870 or thereabouts. It had been active and prosperous for not much more than sixty years, but it has left us much loveliness: a pattern, an example.

It is a delightful fact that the Good Queen Victoria was much interested in the craft. At one period of slack trade in Paisley, in 1842, to be exact, Her Majesty had sent to her a selection of Paisley shawls and chose seventeen. In the official letter to the Provost of Paisley it was stated that the Queen would wear one of them on the occasion of a Royal baptism. It would thus appear that a shawl out of some weaver's noisy house in a Scottish town was about the shoulders of Victoria Regina when the future, cheerful Edward VII was christened.

But probably it was kept from the First Lady that one of the founders of the industry was almost certainly a nasty little girl, the means of sending seven of her fellow-creatures to painful death.

AN INDIAN DESIGN FROM SCOTLAND

This embroidered Paisley design is dated about 1870. The historic Scottish industry was founded at the end of the eighteenth century by a woman who had earlier provoked a most sensational witchcraft trial



A PAISLEY LOOM OF 1840

The Jacquard loom is demonstrated in the Paisley Museum. It was introduced from France and was instrumental in the production of a 19th-century craft and fashion

Queen was an

THEATRICALS AT WINDSOR

This lithograph by E. Morin was copied from Queen Victoria's original drawing and is dated 1853. The play was Racine's "Athalie." Seated in the centre is Prince Alfred as Joas, with Princess Louise, as Zacharie, kneeling by his right foot. Second from left in the foreground, with her back wholly turned, is Princess Alice as Joad. On the right are the Princess Royal as Athalie; the Prince of Wales as Abner; and Princess Helena as Agar. The others are members of the Seymour and Phipps families

Prince Alfred—drawn and lithographed by Queen Victoria in 1846

THE etchings and chalky lithographs on these pages—never reproduced so plentifully before in a periodical—conjure up not the widowed Sovereign, but the young and talented partner of the Prince Consort. For Queen Victoria, the art of drawing, acquired in childhood, seemed an "accomplishment" as natural as a trained ear for music. To her pencil, water-colours, etching plates, and occasionally the lithographic stone, she applied herself with enthusiasm, more particularly in the '40's when her first six children were still infants. One of her first instructors, Richard Westall, R.A., believed sincerely that, given leisure to develop her talent, she might arrive in the first rank of amateur artists. Permitted that freedom, one suspects she would have acquired a grace akin to Angelica Kauffmann's.

As it is, a number of the Queen's early etchings of children—usually her own family—attract one by their genuine candour, simplicity and charm. Sometimes their line and cross-hatched strokes curiously anticipate Tenniel's illustrations to *Alice*, published years later. In actual fact, her chief influences were her husband, who encouraged her, and Sir Edwin Landseer, who taught her how to etch. One may picture an eager group gathered round the etching-press (rather like a mangle) installed at Buckingham Palace. There is the central

AFTER NATURE

In this charming study, drawn in 1846, the Queen anticipated Tenniel in her treatment of the subject. On right—*Prince Alfred, drawn and etched by Queen Victoria when he was about five years old*

A lithograph after an original drawing by Princess Victoria before her Accession to the Throne. She presented it to the Duchess of Kent on August 17, 1831

Below, right:

Family portrait—this lithograph by E. Dalton, after Queen Victoria's original drawing, is dated 1845 and shows three of her children — Princess Alice, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal

Victoria Artist

figure, hair drawn smoothly back from a Hanoverian brow, prominent eyes alight, holding the copper plate on which she has drawn a souvenir with the etching needle. She may have copied it from her original pencil sketch, or from one by Prince Albert or Sir Edwin, who stand attentively by. It is Landseer's brother Thomas who receives the plate and immerses it in acid ; and Mr. Holdgate, the printer, who finally pulls the impressions from the press. A print, still damp, is offered for Royal inspection and amid murmurs of satisfaction that little Alfred's kilt is so clear and well " bitten," the company bows and disperses along interminable corridors.

It was, you see, very much a collaborative art. Nevertheless, every one of those prints reproduced here was initially drawn by Queen Victoria. You notice that the Prince Consort actually etched the Queen's original sketch of an infant, very possibly the two-year-old Princess Royal, while professional lithographers put her more ambitious drawings on stone. The one of Alfred in a petticoat frock, both drawn *and* lithographed by the Queen herself in 1846, is obviously immature. But observe the easy assurance of her figures, seven years later, in " *Die Tafel Birnen* " which one may fairly suppose the tactful lithographer Morin did not noticeably embellish.

Though etching was her first love (she made, in fact, nearly forty in early married life), it is interesting that she returned to lithography in later life to illustrate her Highland Journal. When in 1876, the Queen lent etchings by herself and the Consort to the Philadelphian Universal Exposition, the public saw for the first and last time the Fine Art accomplishment of a reigning British Sovereign.

Nevile Wallis

MORE THEATRICALS

Another family group, lithographed by E. Morin after Queen Victoria's drawing, and dated February 18, 1853, shows the Princes and the Princesses acting " Die Tafel Birnen" (The Dessert Pears). From left to right are—*Princess Helena, Princess Alice, Prince Alfred, Princess Louise, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Victoria Adelaide, Princess Royal*

The Princess Royal, aged nine months—another picture which Queen Victoria drew and Prince Albert etched

One of many pictures drawn by Queen Victoria and etched by Prince Albert. It is dated 1842 and probably portrays their eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, who would have been about two years old

Royal children at play—the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal were drawn by their mother among their toys in the nursery. The Prince, right, would have been two years old, the Princess three

The closing scene of " Der Hahnenschlag "—a lithograph by T. Fairland after Queen Victoria's drawing done in 1852. The Prince of Wales as a peasant, Fritz, stands with his wife, Margarethe (the Princess Royal). In the background are Princess Helena, Princess Louise, and Prince Alfred

THE MARKET SQUARE SCENE IN THE 1938-39 PRODUCTION OF "THE QUEEN OF HEARTS" AT THE LYCEUM

This picture shows the Melville Brothers' love of an elaborate set crowded with a colourfully-clad cast. Many of the photographs on these pages were originally published in "The Sketch." A scene from the 1933-34 production of "The Queen of Hearts" may be found on the opposite page.

Christmas at the Lyceum

When the Melville Pantomimes "Packed Them In"

By W. Macqueen-Pope

ALTHOUGH pantomimes in plenty had long been established at the Lyceum Theatre, the real tradition of Christmas pantomime there started with the advent of those two remarkable men of the theatre—Walter and Fred Melville, in the year 1909. It continued, unbroken, from that date up to the death of Mr. Fred in 1938. Mr. Walter had died the year before. Between them, they made the Pantomime at the Lyceum, of which they were co-lessees and managers.

They were pure theatre. They had been born and bred in it. Their father, Andrew Melville, had run theatres in South Wales, in Birmingham and Derby, and also had controlled the Standard Theatre in London. They knew all about their job. They were both capable of doing any job a theatre might offer. They were both successful dramatists—in their own class of work. Mr. Walter had written *The Worst Woman in London, A Girl's Cross Roads, The Girl Who Lost Her Character, The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turning, The Girl Who Wrecked His Home, A Disgrace to Her Sex, A World of Sin,* and many others. The great knowledge of what the particular public they catered for required in the way of entertainment is amply shown in the titles.

Mr. Fred, too, was a dramatist of equal stature. He wrote, among others, *Her Forbidden Marriage, The Ugliest Woman on Earth, The Beast and the Beauty, Married to the Wrong Man, The Bad Girl of the Family*—a tremendous success—*The Monk and the Woman.* The two of them joined hands in an excellent stage version of *Monte Cristo.* It will be observed that every one of the titles was what is known in the theatre as "box-office." The Melvilles knew their public and sold them the material they wanted. They packed them in. Their drama was melodrama, naked and unashamed, and none the worse for that. They had nothing to do with Art, but everything to do with making the theatre vivid and exciting. There was no question of inhibitions, psychology, complexes, or any of the other modern jargon. With them Vice was Vice and Virtue was Virtue. And Virtue always won. So did they.

They applied the same method to their pantomimes. What they provided at the Lyceum during those twenty-six years of their reign was Pantomime for the People. And the people came in myriads. They got value for their money. The Melvilles never aspired to be pantomime kings—although they had every claim. Rather, they were the Lord Mayors of Pantomime, which had nothing regal about it, but a genuine democratic appeal. Not for them the delicate nuances of colour which other pantomime kings purveyed. They went out for broad effects, great splashes and punches, massed assault on eye and ear—and, always, plenty of laughter. Their pantomimes were of the People, for the People, and practically by the People, for they wrote them themselves. Mr. Fred was the more experienced pantomime-writer of the two.

PUSS IN BOOTS, 1929-1930

Andy Andrews as Dame Tickle and George Jackley as the Broker's Man provided typical Melville humour twenty-five years ago

Many of the dramas had been produced at the Aldwych Theatre and the Adelphi, which they rented before they acquired the Lyceum. But once in the Lyceum they branched out and melodrama alternated with pantomime to the enjoyment of masses of unsophisticated playgoers—to whom the Lyceum was the only theatre which mattered—and to the enrichment of the Melvilles.

As managers, authors and producers they were indissoluble, for their lives were closely woven together. As private individuals, the reverse was the case. They built the Princess Theatre, in Shaftesbury Avenue, on the generous lines in which they believed. The Brixton Theatre was also in the family. But they would quarrel bitterly.

Sometimes they would not speak for a year. They occupied the same office at the Lyceum—a real piece of Victoriana—but they did not address each other. They communicated only through a third person, Mr. Bert Hammond, their manager, one of the ablest theatre managers of

FINALE OF "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST"

Jill Esmond and Anne Leslie (with Clarkson Rose on her left) acknowledge thunderous applause at the final curtain of the Melville Brothers' pantomime at the Lyceum in 1937-38

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

This set was used in the 1933-34 pantomime at the Lyceum. The giant playing-cards made a colourful and highly-effective scene. The part of the Knave was played by George Jackley

THE MILLER'S SON, PUSS AND PRINCESS ROSAMUND

Gwladys Stanley, Fred Whittaker and Kitty Reidy were the human and feline charmers in the spectacular 1929 production of "Puss in Boots"

BONZO AND QUEEN GUINEVERE

Eric Bock and Dick Tubb in the 1932-33 production of "The Sleeping Beauty"

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (1937-38)

Jill Esmond played both Prince Hal and the Beast, except on occasions such as this

PHYSICAL CULTURE ON THE WAY TO THE PALACE

Clarkson Rose led a topical number in the 1938 Christmas pantomime. The League of Health and Beauty was much in the news at that time and the Melvilles did not fail to tilt at them

our time, a man of great patience and tact—as he had need to be. He would sit between them. Mr. Fred would then tell him something—which he would convey to Mr. Walter—and Mr. Walter of course, heard every word his brother said. But he would listen to what Mr. Hammond repeated and then give his reply—clearly heard by Mr. Fred, who nevertheless waited until it was repeated to him by Mr. Hammond. Yet if their business interests were threatened or anything happened which could be dangerous to the other—there was a united front presented against every attack.

They were "characters." There are no such "characters" to-day. They did not like spending money. But nobody could complain that they were mean. They were just careful. They did not believe in outside show or waste. Although both were very rich men—Mr. Fred died worth £314,228 and Mr. Walter £205,861—nobody would have guessed it from their appearance. Of the two, Mr. Walter was the better-dressed. Mr. Fred was something of a sartorial puzzle. So long as he was completely dressed, he did not worry about complete suits. It was nothing to him that coat, waistcoat and trousers were of different material, cut and even period. His ties were often an example of that gift of improvisation which has made our nation great, his shirts invariably acquired a tear just below the neck, and for years he wore a hat with a hole in it. He said it gave ventilation to the head.

But what did it matter? The Lyceum pantomimes were rather like that as regards production. They, too, were a jumble of styles, periods and colour. For the art of pantomime lies not so much in the skill of décor as the art of mixing the ingredients. The Melvilles knew all about that. So long as there was plenty of colour, attack and comedy, all was right. They gave London a real Christmas treat—twenty-nine years of full-blooded gusto, in which the story was never lost, in which the Immortals and the Mortals had their part, in which Evil and Good clashed in the never-ceasing fight between Right and Wrong, and the balance always came down on the side of Good.

They believed in big posters, preferably coloured picture posters. They covered the walls with them for miles around London. You could not remain in ignorance that there was pantomime at the Lyceum. Whole families flocked across the bridges from the south side, swarmed down the heights from the north, surged along the Strand from the eastward and stormed over the western plains to besiege the Lyceum. The Lyceum pantomime was indeed the Christmas treat for those who did not worry about Art but who wanted Entertainment. And the brothers Melville gave it to them, brimming over with good measure.

The pantomimes were long, there was no skimping and, to the Lyceum audiences, they were things of beauty and glory. They included masses of girls, or perhaps one should say "women," for the Melvilles preferred experienced performers and

(*Concluded on following page*)

Christmas at the Lyceum

(*Concluded from previous page*)

old servants to new faces. " That young lady has been with us for over twenty years," Mr. Fred would say with pride.

The Melvilles never believed in understatement. They just went all out for effect—and they succeeded. Nothing was wasted in those productions. Bits and pieces acquired during the years, and stored as likely to be of use, all found their way into the pantomimes. Somehow they fitted. More, they pleased the public. Mr. Fred found use for about a quarter of a mile of " unclimbable fencing " of the type which surrounds parks, which he had picked up. He had it painted white, he put an electric light on every curved top and, at a cue, it blazed like a flash of lightning. The audience cheered.

But they understood all about their job, and they understood the delicate art of timing. This was illustrated by Mr. Fred when that superb pantomime Dame, Clarkson Rose, was engaged as principal comedian. Mr. Fred and he had a conference about gags, business and " wardrobe." " Clarkie," said Mr. Fred, " have you got any red flannel drawers ? " " Yes, Mr. Fred," said " Clarkie." " Then show them—twice," said Mr. Fred. He knew exactly how often that visual joke could be repeated and get its laugh. There was no muttering or underplaying in a Melville pantomime. Everybody spoke up and worked their hardest.

The audience at the Lyceum was the old-time music-hall audience. These people had come out to enjoy themselves. They did not care that the rats in *Dick Whittington* were often made of pieces of material and pulled about on strings. They did not care if Roman soldiery got mixed up in the Lord Mayor's Show. It mattered not a jot when a scene was revolved before their very eyes, pushed around by obvious stagehands often incompletely disguised as monks.

The Melvilles would use scenic tricks as well. You would see the comics proceeding at speed down a country road in a motor-car which rivalled Harry Tate's—while scenery on rollers moved behind them to give the very real impression of movement. You would find them in the cabin of a ship at sea, and in a storm at that. This ship was anything but seaworthy. It would rock and roll and the audience would roll about in their seats with it. Then it would turn a complete circle to the extreme discomfiture of those " comics " but to the unalloyed delight of the patrons. They became hysterical with delight. They loved seeing other people suffer. And that is a true ingredient of pantomime.

Fearsome dragons of great length and scaliness would invade the stage and terrify the comedians. The eyes of the beasts would flash with red and green lights and their nostrils would breathe smoke and their mouths fire. Inside, of course, were " supers," with the " props," and carpenters maybe to see to the effects. Imps and demons leapt about and were finally defeated by fairies, led by the Fairy Queen. If the fairies were a bit mature, they matched the stature of the production and nobody cared. One virtue was that they all had voices and could sing. The Melvilles believed in demons and fairies and their audience agreed with them. This was Panto. They continued to give Harlequinades when those old bits of enchantment had vanished from everywhere else. The last real transformation scene in London was at the Lyceum.

The Lyceum Principal Boy was a real Principal Boy. There was no pretence at masculine arrogance, no suggestion of feminine wile. This was a figure out of Fairyland where sex had no place. This was, indeed, " Jack " or " Dick " or " Prince Charming "—someone legendary, belonging wholly to romance. And that is what a Principal Boy should be. The Principal Girl was always as charming as that rather unsatisfactory role demanded. But she was always worthy of the Principal Boy's daring and devotion. The smaller characters were always well-cast. There might not be names but there were performers. And you never saw a thick pair of ankles or unshapely legs on the Lyceum stage. Mr. Fred would usually produce. He had his own way of doing it, as simple and direct as the appeal of pantomime itself. He would also take the auditions for the chorus. He would weed out the masses of aspirants until he had got the types and numbers he required. Then the successful ones would stand on the stage and he would require them to sing " Roses of Picardy," because it was his brother Walter's favourite song. There was true sentiment under those seemingly rugged exteriors, and good hearts too.

He would make elaborate preparations against the cold during the December rehearsals. He had a sort of hut made out of " flats " in which he might shelter if the weather was extreme. But he never went into it. He wore two pairs of trousers instead. Everyone was given a job—and did it. For the staff adored the Melvilles and stayed with them for years. Often two generations of the same family were working there.

Mr. Fred did not worry his head about the intricacies of artistic lighting. " This is a red scene," he would announce, and on went all the red lights ! The effect pleased his audience, which was all he cared about. He let his comics have a free rein, but he would cut out really blue gags or innuendoes. Honest vulgarity, such as red flannel drawers, was all right. His audience understood such things. Jokes about mothers-in-law, lodgers, kippers, brokers' men, beer and the pop-shop—that was the stuff. The atmosphere was that of music-hall in its prime, yet the pantomimes never descended—as they do to-day—to a species of adult revue and a string of music-hall acts. They were always pantomimes, mixed by a master-hand.

The story was never lost sight of for one moment. It was well and truly told in proper sequence. Romance would be followed by comedy, slapstick would tread on the heels of a sentimental song, unsuspecting folk would be " led up the garden " and subjected to physical violence and indignity directly after the unhappy Beast had offered its genuine love to Beauty. Every song was rightly placed, every gag had its proper setting and timing. Front cloth and fooling were followed by splendour and song. And when treasure was needed, as in the cave scene in *The Forty Thieves* or *Aladdin*, it was there in lumps, as rich as gold, silver paint, and sequins could make it.

The Melvilles left nothing out of their Christmas Pie. If you wanted ballet, you got it in chunks, and performed largely by children. Children in the audience adore seeing children on the stage and matrons would say " Aren't they sweet ? " Those ballets took place at the end of the first half—immediately before the interval. And while the audience enjoyed them, there was nothing to prevent them drinking more tea, and lemonade, eating more ice-cream and crunching even more sweets. The Melvilles knew that, and were not going to waste their principles on an audience which had not yet settled down from the really serious business of refreshing themselves. Incidentally, the brothers also ran their own bars.

But the idea of a Lyceum pantomime was to give enjoyment. And the Melvilles gave it. Those vast shows of theirs, so alive, so full of real blood and gusto, so essentially British, defied and defeated any captious criticism. Pleasure was the object of the Lyceum pantomime and it never failed to achieve it.

To go there in pantomime time was a tonic. You went into an electric atmosphere which tingled with excitement. You felt the quiver of anticipation and of satisfaction coming from thousands of people who were enchanted. In many cases they had come from humble homes to be transported into a different world—a world of illusion, where people behaved as they would have loved to do, where colour, warmth, melody and laughter held sway. From it they went away starry-eyed to remember it all their lives, and to recount their experience to their less fortunate friends, and to live in happy expectation of the time when Christmas would come again. Then once more they could be transported into the magic realms by the master magicians of a London pantomime, the brothers Melville.

The Lyceum pantomime was London's own show. It had the very essence and invincible quality of London in it, the gusto and vitality of the Cockney and the Cockney's own brand of sentimentality. That is why the Melvilles were the Lord Mayors of Pantomime. They knew what the Londoners wanted and they gave it to them.

The spirit of Lyceum pantomime still lives on. Every Christmas Andrew Melville, son of the third brother and nephew of Walter and Fred, presents one at the theatre in Watford which he controls. It is a real traditional pantomime done in the Lyceum manner.

MARIGOLD AND PRINCE HAL

Clarkson Rose and Jill Esmond in the 1937 production of " Beauty and the Beast "

JACK AND PRINCESS ROSAMOND

Gwladys Stanley and Kitty Reidy in another scene from the 1929 " Puss in Boots "

A FAIRY BALLET—THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

The first half of a Melville pantomime always ended with a ballet. In " Beauty and the Beast " in 1937-38, Anne Leslie and the dancers raised their hands to the rising sun, as the curtain fell to the usual enthusiastic applause

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CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Four Lively Coloured Aquatints from Paintings by James Pollard

Engraved by M. Dubourg

Reproduced by Courtesy of The Parker Gallery

This set of London Markets—Poultry, Fruit, Fish and Meat—show a lesser-known aspect of James Pollard's work; very different from the familiar coaching, hunting and other sporting scenes. Although much of his work was published by the family business, R. Pollard and Sons, of Holloway, these were issued (on May 10, 1822) by "Edwd. Orme, Editor of Prints to the King, Bond Street, corner of Brook Street, and T. & I. Elvey, 63, Fleet Street, & 30, Castle Street, Holborn, London." They provide colourful pictures of shops and shoppers in the early years of the last century. The stock is little different from to-day's. On the left, the prize exhibits are the Duke of Bedford's Grass-Fed Mutton and the First-Prize Side of Beef, adorned with a sprig of holly. Pollard was about thirty years old when this rare set appeared—he died in Chelsea in 1867—and was already established as a recorder of the contemporary scene.

Smart of them– to give each other

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Father (who must have his little joke) says he's like a Christmas tree—*spruce*. And so he is in his new Aertex Snugfit shirt. Though it's informal it's very presentable and very present-worthy. It's as warm in winter as it's cool in summer.

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Mother (who always chooses presents to herself) picked this dream of a blouse with its sparkling buttons, short sleeves, and shirt-style collar. Light as it is, it has the Aertex secret of being warm in winter. It's called Cleony ; and it costs **17/-**

The baby (who generally thinks clothes make dull presents) is delighted with these tots' pyjamas. They're white with coloured facings in pink, or blue, or gold ; they cost from **21/-** (if you're two) to **24/6** (if you're five).

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The Red Star of Christmas

A Seasonal Fantasy by Paul Jennings

Mr. Paul Jennings, whose Oddly Enough *essays are so popular a feature of* The Observer, *here diverts on the anti-ritualist's and traditionalist's festivities.*

FOR some years now one of the oddest pre-Christmas sights in London, when you come to think of it, has surely been the cheerful poster announcing the *Daily Worker* Christmas Fair. Doubtless that paper's Theological Correspondent could produce a closely-reasoned (and wrong) argument about Communism being a restatement of the unsullied principles of Early Christianity. Doubtless many Communists, although misguided persons, have spent a great deal more time *thinking* about the moral meaning of life than the average normal Englishman. And doubtless we should remember that Christmas is the time of goodwill to all men, and this includes Communists. Indeed, very nice little men they often turn out to be when you actually talk to them. I 've often thought what a curious contrast there is between the violent, pure hatred in the columns of the *Daily Worker* and the honest schoolmarms and men with thin, thoughtful faces who sell it outside Tube stations. But perhaps these are only the despised bourgeois intellectuals; perhaps the real haters are kept in the background.

I had a big read of the *Daily Worker* when it was the only paper out during that newspaper strike, and there was plenty of hate. It was when Sir Winston Churchill retired from the Premiership, if you remember, and they were ever so *nasty* about "a senile Premier tottering into oblivion." Still, this is Christmas, and I shall try to love even the people who wrote that.

Well, as I was saying, however well-disposed one tries to be towards individual Communists, the notion of them celebrating Christmas does seem extraordinary. The whole central idea of Christmas—the breathless, timeless scene in the Crib, the shout of angels at God-made Man, the mysterious family sanctity and joy of it all—goes ill with atheistic materialism and all that *peculiar* stuff they got out of Hell, all about thesis colliding with antithesis and producing synthesis, or something. But it brings up an interesting problem. What else are they to do?

"... one of the oddest pre-Christmas sights in London ..."

"... tradition being what it is, it would probably be called the Irish *State Bicycle ..."*

How, in fact, does any new, modern movement start its own ritual? It 's a question that goes much deeper than Communists and Christmas. In England we are perhaps not so conscious of it, because twenty miles of English Channel (and centuries of dead soldiers) have preserved us from the decay and ruin of many forms and traditions as old as Western Europe. We still have, for instance, the heraldic splendour of our monarchy. G. K. Chesterton observed how modern man's sense of colour-significance had declined—we wore dark clothes but had splendid red buses, for no particular reason. But the gorgeous tabards of our traditional heralds are still, literally, stiff with meaning. Indeed, we are often accused of enjoying empty ritual when the inner meaning has disappeared. Why should we object to a Communist Christmas Bazaar if for many of us Christmas is just a breathless shopping rush followed by an orgy?

Tradition and ritual are under fire from two directions—from those who are basically puritan and dislike all ritual, and those who want to work up some dotty "modern" ceremonies, like those enormous jamborees Hitler used to have in the Sportspalast or whatever it was called, and all that business with fires on hilltops in the Harz Mountains. As the Coronation drew near there was a lot of solemn correspondence in Left-Wing weeklies about the gap between the monarchy and the common man, and a plea for "cutting down on ceremony." I have always wondered what these people actually did, where they *went*, while everybody else was yelling enthusiastically in the decorated streets or staring entranced at television. Perhaps, unknown to the rest of us, unannounced in the Press, they had gatherings all by themselves. In the morning, a Discussion Group on Leisure and the Modern Worker, followed by educational visits to a gas works ...

Bless me, do these people suppose there is no ritual, no formal celebration in Russia? Do they really think that in the Utopia of to-morrow (or, I hope, the day *after* to-morrow) the maximum official pageantry will be the solemn progress of Mr. Harry Pollitt down Pall Mall on the richly

(*Concluded on page 46*)

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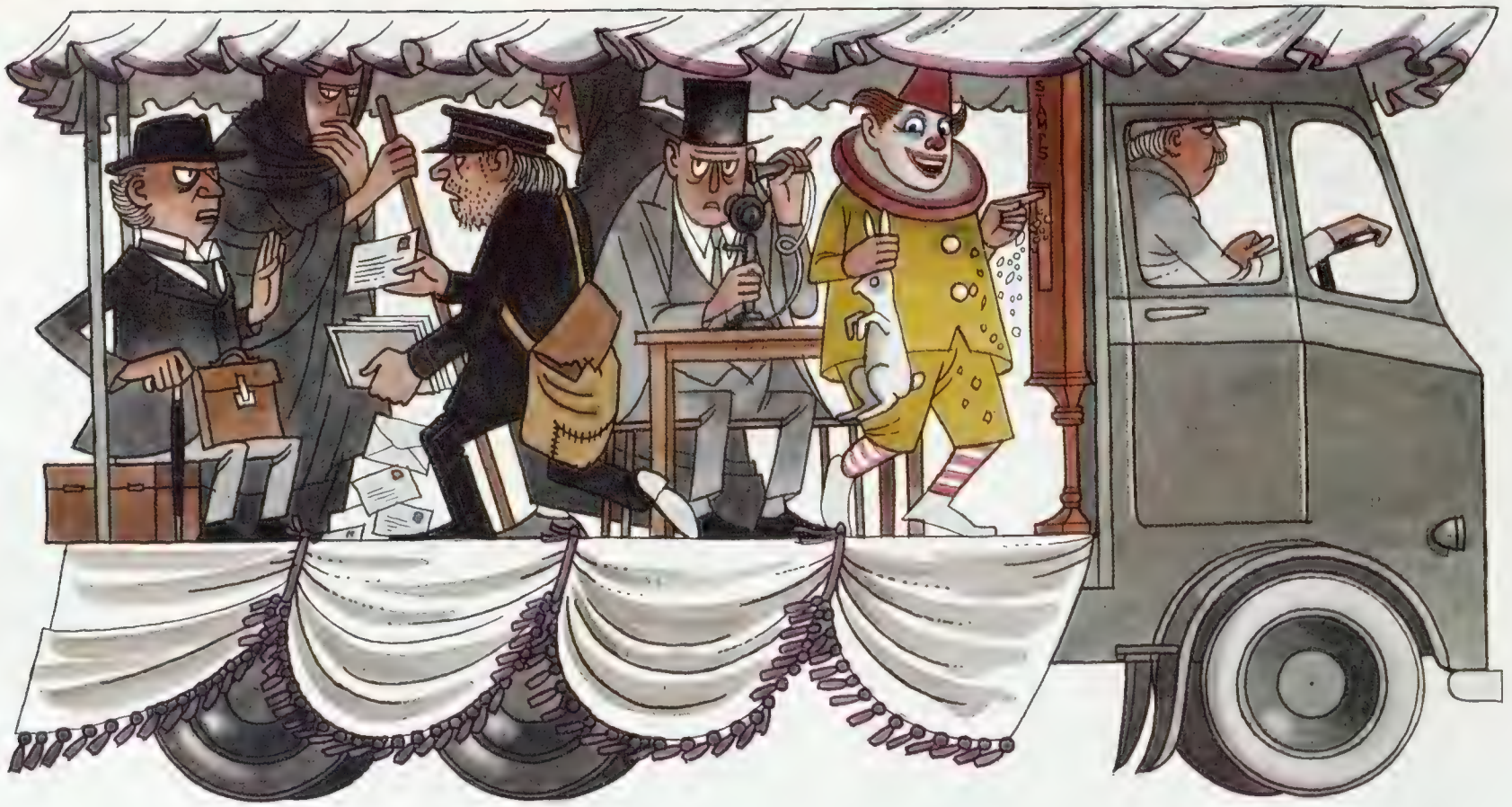


"A black-clad postman stumbles round the float, handing letters to recipients, who signify violently that they are wrongly delivered"

The Red Star of Christmas (*Concluded from page 44*)

decorated State Bicycle (tradition being what it is, it would probably be called the *Irish* State Bicycle)? What about all that May Day stuff in Moscow? What about the Tomb of Lenin? What about their enormous State funerals? And what about all those amazing mass athletic displays, those Cossack choirs and folk dancers?

Still, there it is: if people are against tradition they're against it, and that kind of argument won't convince them. Let's come back to this problem of ritual in the twentieth century. Let's try and imagine what would happen if the worst came to the worst and the Communists did take over in England. What would they have instead of Christmas and Easter? It is more than likely that the deep-rooted British instinct for continuity would survive even this, and that there would still be some great symbolic act of renewal and rebirth every year when the streets were gay with decoration, and the people made the stone buildings and iron railings of London into a mysterious open-air temple, where mystic songs and dances celebrated the death and birth of the life-spirit, as people did for Tammuz and Adonais.

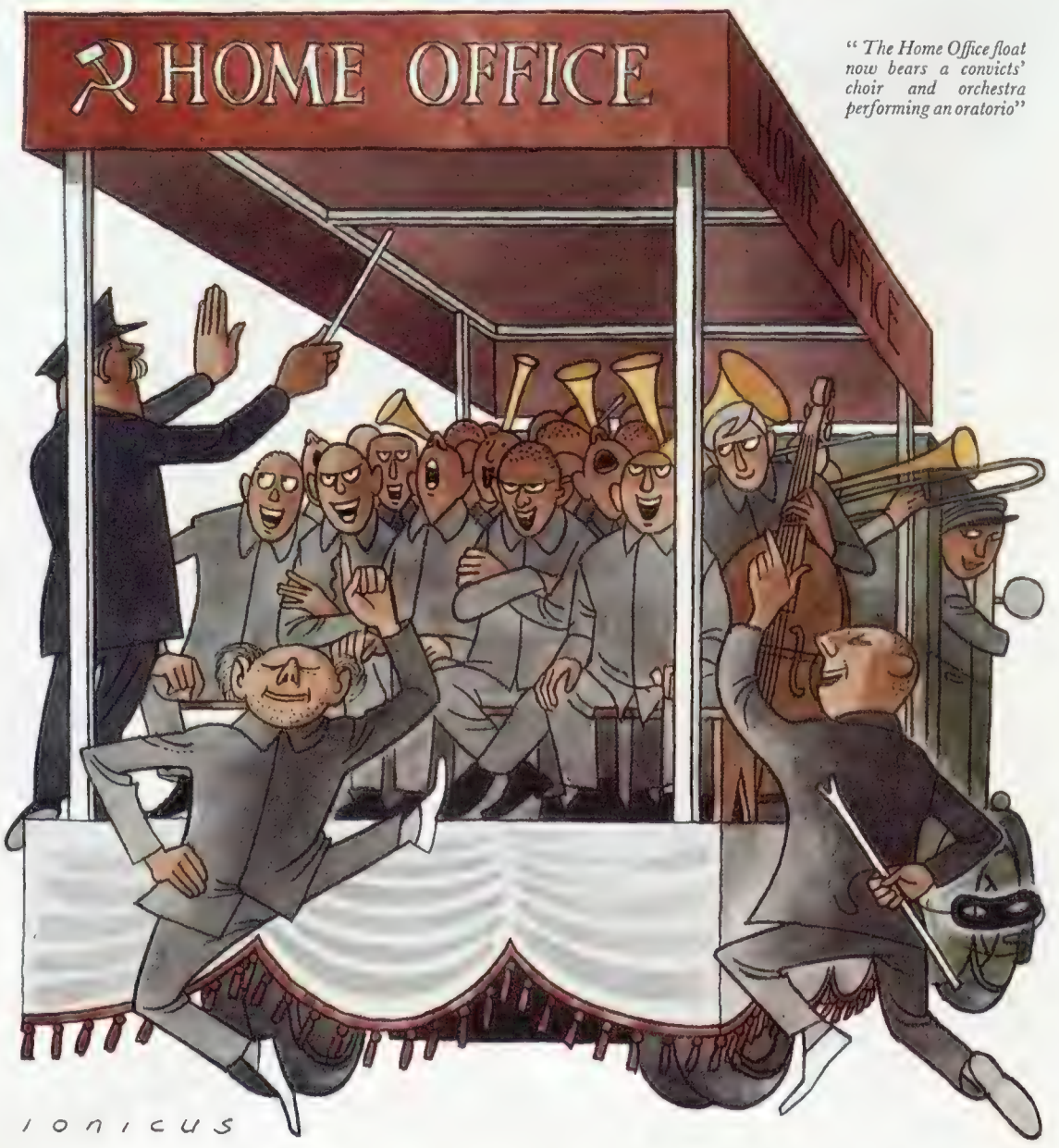
The only difference is that Government Departments would be the principal figures. Let us imagine it. Westminster Abbey, secularised, has become the Hall of British Continuity. London is decorated, there are the same jokes about visitors sleeping on billiard-tables, the same crowds on The Day. The processional route is slightly longer, and now includes Tottenham Court Road. In the distance lugubrious, strong, national music is heard, and the procession of floats appears. The first one belongs to the Post Office. It bears people dressed in black robes who, in tableau and mime, weepingly suggest that the Post Office is tired and moribund. Despairing figures try to make calls on ancient candlestick telephones that won't work. A black-clad postman stumbles round the float, handing letters to recipients, who signify violently that they are wrongly delivered. As comic relief a clown keeps getting rabbits and nuts and raisins out of a stamp machine.

When, three hours later, the float comes back from the Hall of British Continuity, all is transformed. Dazzling, beautiful operators put through video-calls to Mombasa for 7d. Letters are delivered to jolly music while the ink is still wet. Postmistresses dance round a maypole. Everybody vibrates with new life, everybody is born again.

It is the same with all the other Departments. On the way to the Hall of Continuity the Home Office float shows warders locked in cages while escaped convicts play cards outside; an endless stage army of aliens and smugglers comes down a gangplank while port authorities sleep; like all stage armies, they say "Rhubarb, rhubarb," except for the Chinese aliens, who say "Lhubalb." The Ministry of Transport float is towed by a breakdown lorry.

But after the mysteries at Westminster—the Scanning of the Entrails by the State Augur, the Vesting in Overalls, the electronic music by dial-control virtuosi—when the procession re-forms, led by the Prime Minister in white overalls, on the gorgeous State Bicycle, what scenes there are for the spectators! The Home Office float now bears a convicts' choir and orchestra performing an oratorio. Gone are the comic doctors and skeletons from the Ministry of Health float; it bears youths and maidens dancing gravely with a medicine ball to celestial, Gluck-like music. Foreign Office diplomats proudly carry mining concessions and illuminated treaties. Inland Revenue officials, instead of painfully counting money on notched sticks in a gloomy basement, are seen relaxing in a canteen, with a Hungarian gypsy band, while gigantic modern calculating machines noiselessly pour gold into a huge bag. And so on.

Only at one point does the continuity break down. When it is all over, when the people get back to their homes, when the stands and the medieval gates round Central London are dismantled—when the Press reports appear, *all* the papers say how marvellous it was. Or else.



"The Home Office float now bears a convicts' choir and orchestra performing an oratorio"

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CHRISTMAS PACKING

Loading the Stage Coach—a typically lively Rowlandson scene, reproduced from the original water-colour

The English Scene

As recorded by Thomas Rowlandson

Many of Rowlandson's pictures are extremely well known, owing to the number of excellent aquatints published by Ackermann and others. The three caricatures on this page, reproduced from original water-colours in the collection of Mr. M. Bernard, show his trenchant talent at its best. Rowlandson's technique involved drawing a bold outline with a reed pen ; painting in the light and shade ; and, finally, tinting with water-colour. His vast production of popular, humorous sketches began about 1781 and lasted until his death in 1827 at the age of 70.

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Augustus Hare's Tales of the Supernatural (Concluded from page 19)

" very far. I am going to Oxenholme, in Cumberland." " How singular," said Dr. Watson, " for that is just where I am going myself. I wonder if you happen to know Lady D., who lives near Oxenholme." " Yes," said the young lady, " I know Lady D. very well." " And Mrs. P. and her daughters ? " said Dr. W. " Oh, yes, I know them too." " And Mr. Y. ? " There was a moment's pause, and then the young lady very naïvely and ingenuously said, " Yes, I do know Mr. Y. very well ; and perhaps I had better tell you something. I am going to be *married* to him to-morrow. My own parents are in India, and I am going to be married from his father's house. Since I have been engaged to him, I have made the acquaintance of many of his friends and neighbours, and that is how I know so many people near Oxenholme, though I have never been there before."

They went on talking, and they became quite friends. The train arrived at Rugby, and they both got out and had their bun in the refreshment-room. They were in the carriage again and the train was already moving, when, in great excitement, the young lady called out : " Oh, stop, stop the train—don't you see how he 's urging me to get out. There ! that young man in the brown ulster, that 's the young man I 'm going to be married to." Of course it was impossible to get out, and the young lady was greatly distressed, and though Dr. Watson assured her most positively that there was no one standing where she described, she would not and could not believe him.

Then Dr. Watson said, " Now, my dear young lady, you're very young and I 'm very old. I am a doctor. From what you have been seeing I am quite sure that you are not at all well. Now, I have my medicine chest with me, and you had better let me give you a little dose."

The train arrived at Stafford, and exactly the same thing occurred. "There, there ! Don't you see him ! *that* young man with the light beard, in the brown ulster. Don't you see how he 's urging me to get out ? " And again Dr. Watson assured her there was no one there, and said, " I think you had better let me give you another little dose."

But Dr. Watson naturally felt that he could not go on giving her a dose at every station all the way to Oxenholme, so he decided that if the same thing happened at Crewe, the young lady's state indicated one of two things : either that there was some intentional vision from Providence, with which he ought not to interfere ; or that the young lady was certainly not in a state of health or brain which should allow of her being married next day. So he determined to act accordingly.

And at Crewe just the same thing happened. " There, there ! Don't you see him ? He 's urging me more than ever to get out," cried the young lady. " Very well," said Dr. Watson, " we will get out and go after him," and, with the young lady, he pursued the imaginary figure, and of course did not find him. But Dr. Watson had often been at Crewe station before, and he went to the hotel, which opens on the platform, and said to the matron, " Here is this young lady, who is not at all well, and should have a very quiet room ; unfortunately, I am not able to remain now to look after her, but I will leave her in your care, and to-morrow I shall be returning this way and will come to see how she is." And he slipped a five-pound note into the woman's hand.

Dr. Watson returned to the railway carriage. There was another young lady there, sitting in the place which the first young lady had occupied—a passenger who had arrived by one of the many lines which converge at Crewe. With the new young lady he did not make acquaintance.

Three stations farther on came the shock of a frightful accident. There was a collision. The train was telescoped, and many passengers were terribly hurt. The heavy case of instruments, which was in the rack above the place where Dr. Watson had first been sitting, was thrown violently to the other side of the carriage, hit the young lady upon the forehead and killed her on the spot.

Many hours late, Dr. Watson arrived at Oxenholme. There, waiting upon the platform, stood the young man with the light beard, in the brown ulster, exactly as he had been described. He had heard that the only young lady in the through carriage from London had been killed, and was only waiting for the worst to be confirmed. And Dr. Watson went up to him and said : " Unfortunately, it is too true that a young lady has been killed, but it is not your young lady. Your young lady is safe in the station hotel at Crewe."

By tradition there is a large body of ghosts concerned with premonition and clairvoyance. Another corpus of stories relates of familiars of families or certain houses. Hare had a fine collection of them. This is one he heard at Sarsden House, Chipping Norton, in October 1876 :

" Dr. Playfair, physician at Florence, went to the garden of a villa to see some friends of his. Sitting on a seat in the garden, he saw two ladies he knew ; between them was a third lady, dressed in grey, of very peculiar appearance. Walking round the seat, Dr. Playfair found it very difficult to see her features. In a farther part of the garden he met another man he knew. He stayed behind the seat and asked his friend to walk round and see if he could make out who the odd-looking lady was. When he came back he said, ' Of course I could not make her out, because when I came in front of her, her face was turned towards you.' Dr. Playfair then walked up to the ladies, and as he did so, the central figure disappeared. The others expressed surprise that Dr. Playfair, having seen them, had not joined them sooner. He asked who the lady was who had been sitting between them. They assured him that there had never been any such person.

" The next morning, Dr. Playfair went to see the old gardener of the villa, and asked if there was any tradition about the place. He said, ' Yes, there is a story of a lady dressed in grey, who appears once in every twenty-five years, and the singular part is that she has no face.' Dr. Playfair asked when she had appeared last. ' I remember perfectly ; it was twenty-five years ago, and the time is about coming for her to appear again.' "

Hare's army of ghosts is of all kinds and stalks through many countries. Perhaps one of his most telling stories is one he recalled in the Cathedral of Monreale, in Sicily. It had been told him at some unspecified time by Lord Clanwilliam :

A Knight of Malta, who, by the rules of his Order, was both a soldier and a priest, was once travelling in Sicily. Being at Palermo, he strolled up to Monreale ; it was a lovely evening, and in the great cathedral, where the shade was so welcome after the heat of the day, the effect was exquisitely beautiful, as the sunset streamed through the long windows upon the mosaic walls. Being an artist, the knight took out his sketch-book and began to draw, till the waning light warned him that night was approaching. Then he made his way to the western door, but it was closed. He turned to the side doors ; they were closed also. It was evident that he was locked into the cathedral, and though he shouted and kicked at the door, he could make no one hear. Spending the night alone in a church had no terrors for him ; it was only on account of the discomfort that he objected to it ; so he found his way to a confessional, and made himself as comfortable there as he could with the cushions.

Most wondrously beautiful is the cathedral of Monreale when the moon casts its magic halo over the ancient mosaics, and so it was on this night.

The whole building was bathed in softest light, each avenue of arches at once a poem and a picture, when the clock struck twelve. Then from the west door a figure seemed to be approaching, a cowled figure in monastic robes, and the stranger felt with satisfaction that he had been missed and that one of the monks of the adjoining monastery was come to seek him. But, as he watched the figure, he observed it rather floating than walking up the nave, enveloped in its sweeping draperies, and as it passed he heard a low musical voice like a wiffling wind which said, " Is there no good Christian who will say a Mass for my poor soul ? " and the figure passed on swiftly, on behind the altar.

. . . he observed its peculiar movement, rather floating than walking up the nave, enveloped in its sweeping draperies . . .

Through an hour the Knight of Malta sat watching, and then, as the clock struck one, the figure again floated up the nave, and again the same sad, low voice murmured, " Is there no good Christian who will say a Mass for my poor soul ? " Then the Knight came out of the confessional and pursued the vanishing figure to a particular spot behind the altar, where it disappeared altogether.

When the clock struck two, the figure appeared again, and when it again uttered the words, " Will no good Christian say a Mass for my poor soul ? " the priest-soldier answered, " I will ; but you must serve the Mass." The holy vessels were upon the altar, and the soldier-priest began the Mass. Then the monk threw back his cowl and displayed a skull, but he served the Mass, which the priest courageously went through to the end : then he fell down unconscious in front of the altar.

In the morning, when the monks came into the church, the stranger was found still unconscious upon the altar steps. He was taken into the convent, and, when he came to himself, he told what had happened. Great search was made in the archives of the monastery, though nothing was found to account for it. But long after, when some repairs were being made in the cathedral, the body of a monk in his robe and cowl was found walled up, evidently for some crime, near the altar, just at the spot where the Knight had seen him vanish.

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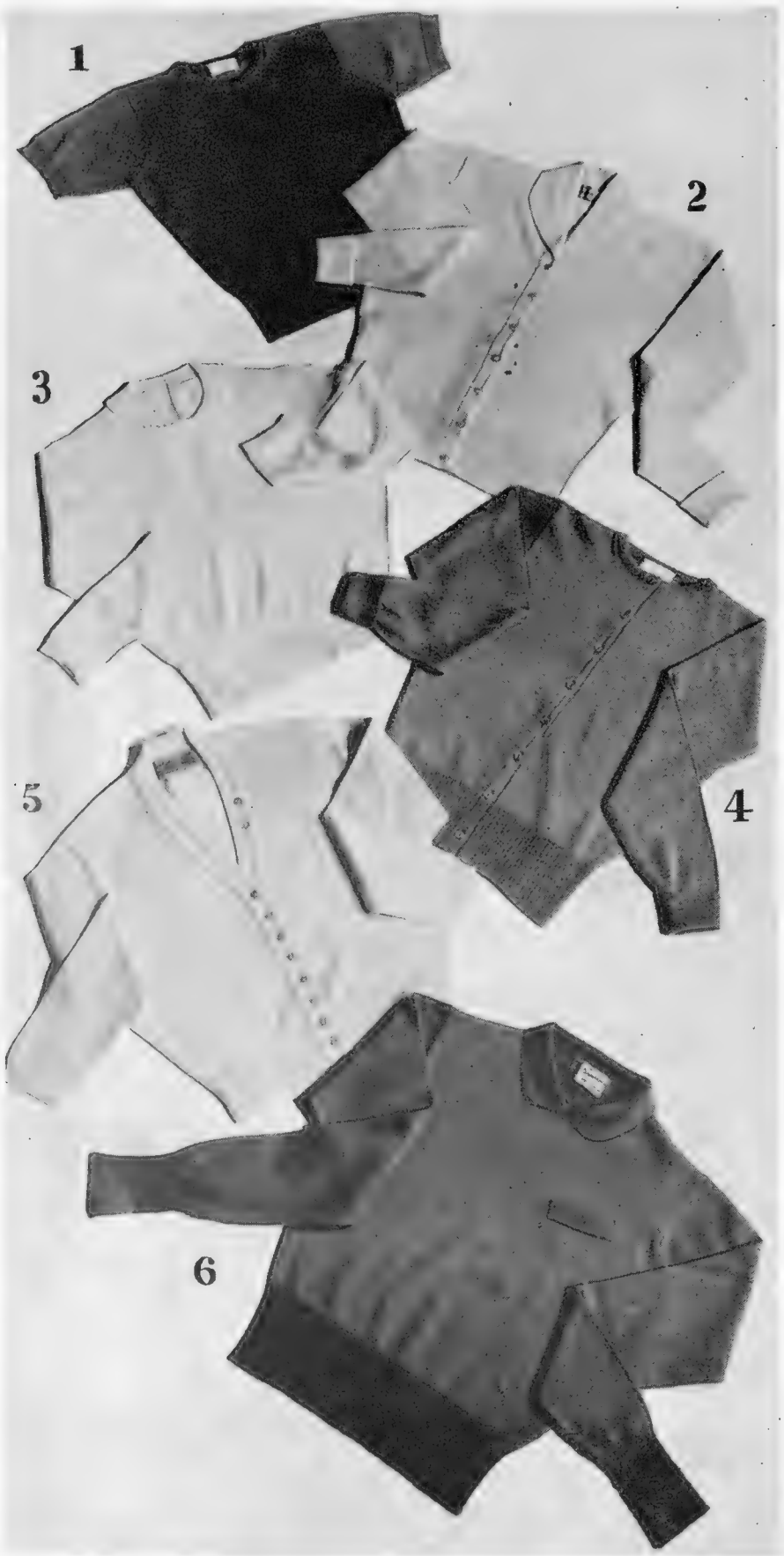

Christmas News from

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Kitten-soft knitteds for frosty days and firelit evenings take pride of place in any Christmas stocking. For example, 1 & 4, Munrospun's classic twinset in downy cashmere, the short-sleeved jumper costing £4.19.6, the button-through cardigan £6.11.6: 2, Stewarts' long-sleeved cardigan in lambswool with becoming roll revers, at £4.5.0: 3, Ballantyne's cashmere jumper with three-quarter sleeves and scallop-fronted collar, at about £8.18.6: 5, Ballantyne's pure cashmere cardigan with three-quarter sleeves at about £8.18.6: and 6, Drumlanrig's long-sleeved woollen jumper at £2.12.6.
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Common Plants of the Field

(Concluded from page 31)

herbs. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the herbalists use the term "herb," and thereby give to certain plants a somewhat specialised significance. As a result, we have come to think of herbs as plants of which the leaves (or some other part) are used for food or medicine, for scent or flavour, but in particular are of use in medicine. In fact, herbs are plants in which the stem is not woody or persistent. The normal flowering plant is composed of roots, stem, leaves and flowers. These structures, of course, vary considerably in size and form, and so forth, but it is this very variation (avoiding any attempt at scientific classification) which enables the novice to make a rough-and-ready grouping. Some plants grow to a great size, the stem becoming thick and woody and forming a trunk: these are the trees. Other plants also become woody, but the stem never thickens sufficiently to be called a trunk, and the plant therefore never grows as high as does the average tree: these are the shrubs.

At the other end of the scale is a vast multitude of plants varying in height from inches to several feet: these are the herbs. They need not necessarily have any medicinal value.

The majority of them, in fact, have not. None of those in the bouquet—Fennel, Thyme, Mint, Marjoram, Lemon Balm, Parsley, Bergamot—have any medicinal value at all. They are, in fact, wild flowers. Or most of them are: the Lemon Balm may sometimes be an escape from gardens, the Bergamot is purely a garden plant and one which, in my opinion (for it happens to be one of my favourite flowers), should be in every herbaceous border. All flower between July and September. Most of them are ignored by gardeners and all but one (the Bergamot, and that rarely) are wholly ignored by housewives for indoor decoration. Yet, consider this bouquet of herbs. Nobody could deny its beauty. How many people, including country people, will waste a glance at such plants?

Dandelion and Seed Head

It is the same with the other two groupings of wild flowers. Every one of the flowers portrayed is common. Most of them are very common indeed—so common that they are not noticed, much less gathered for decoration. Yet how beautiful they are. It is, of course, a fact that wild flowers gathered and displayed like this do not last for long. Flowers are extraordinarily contrary. You bring a wild flower into the garden and try to naturalise it, and it will have none of it. The garden flower, which you have struggled with but scant success to raise in some carefully-prepared bed, escapes (via a bird, as a rule) and flourishes in some totally unsuitable place without any attention at all. So, all too often, the wild flower picked loses all its beauty. But this is not the case with those so common that they are not noticed: their life in a room may be short, but for a brief period how beautiful, and how natural. And no artistry whatever is required for their arrangement. Colours in nature, unlike colours on women, do not clash.

Photographs by Howard Coster

The Seed Heads of Angelica

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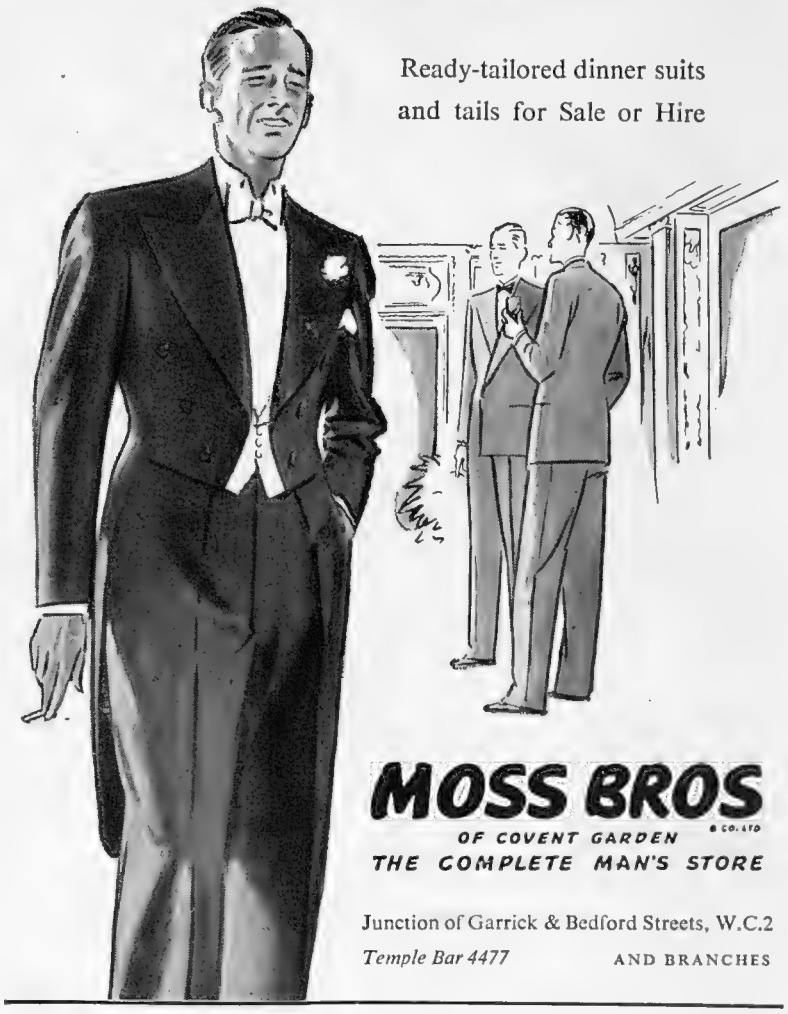

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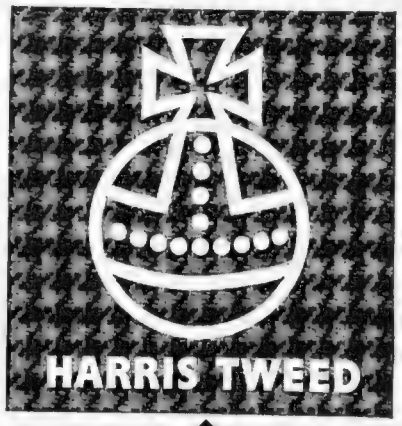

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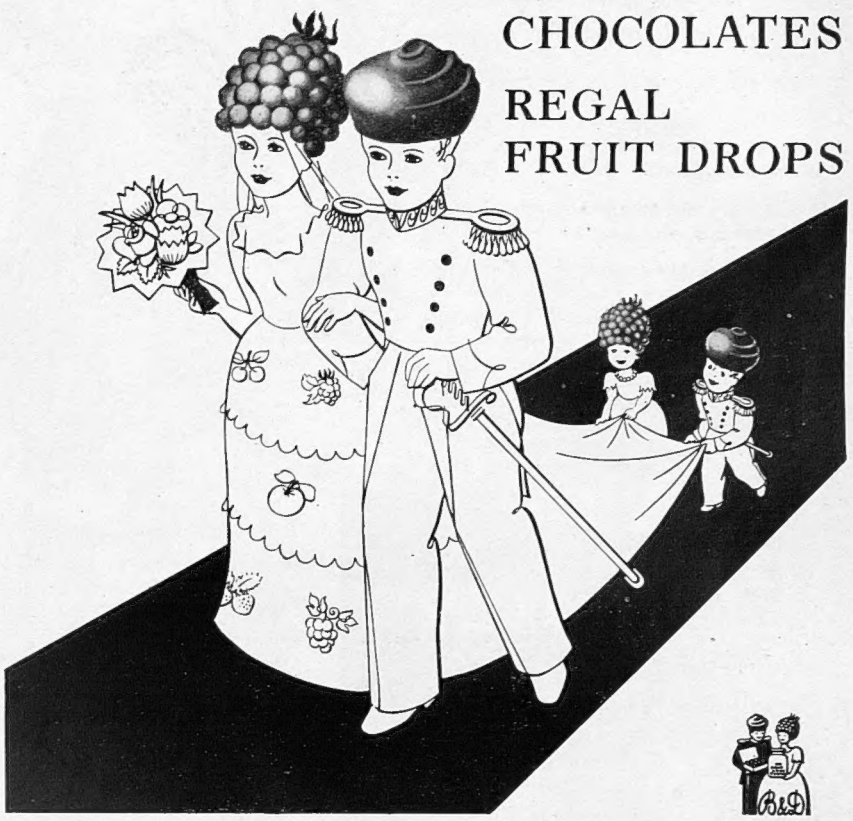

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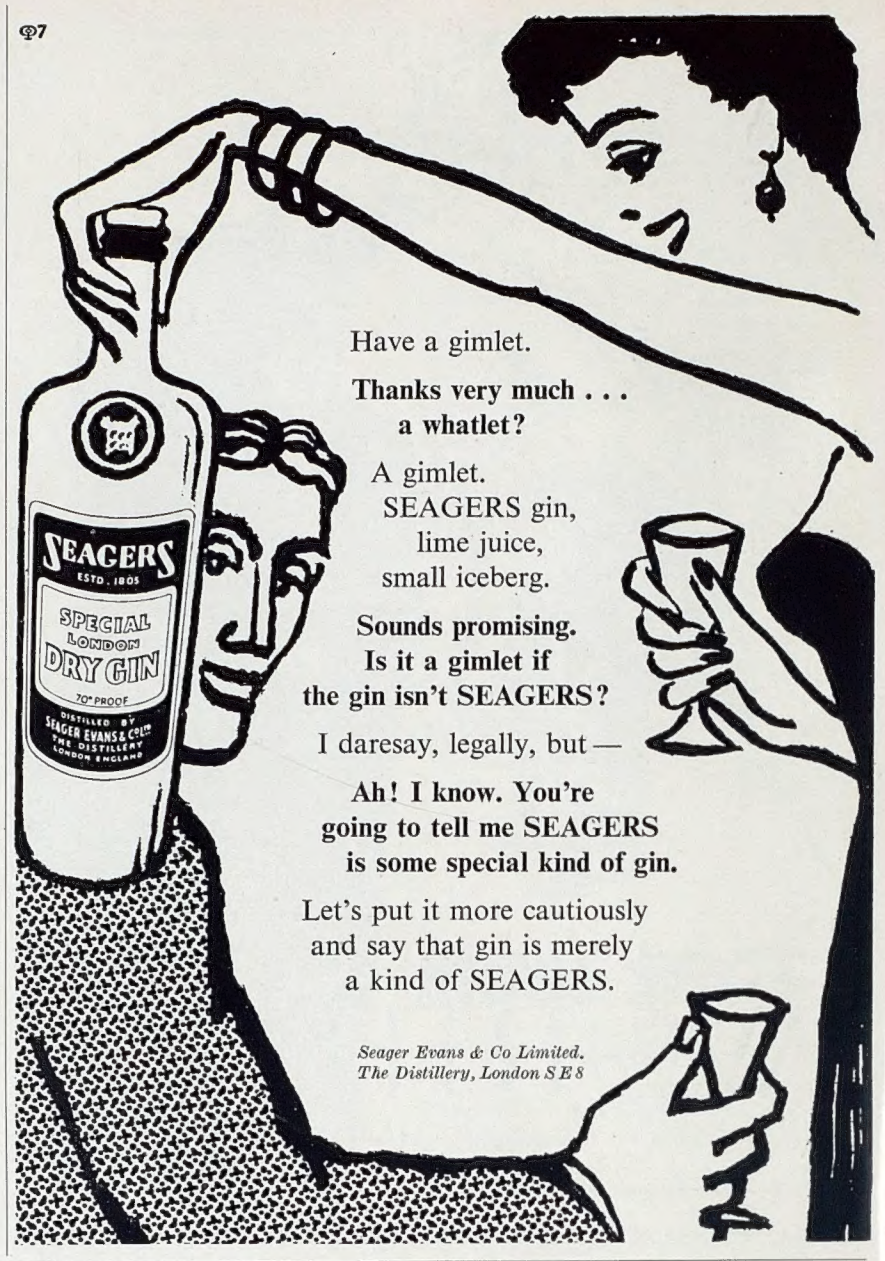

Have a gimlet.

Thanks very much . . . a whatlet?

A gimlet.
SEAGERS gin,
lime juice,
small iceberg.

Sounds promising. Is it a gimlet if the gin isn't SEAGERS?

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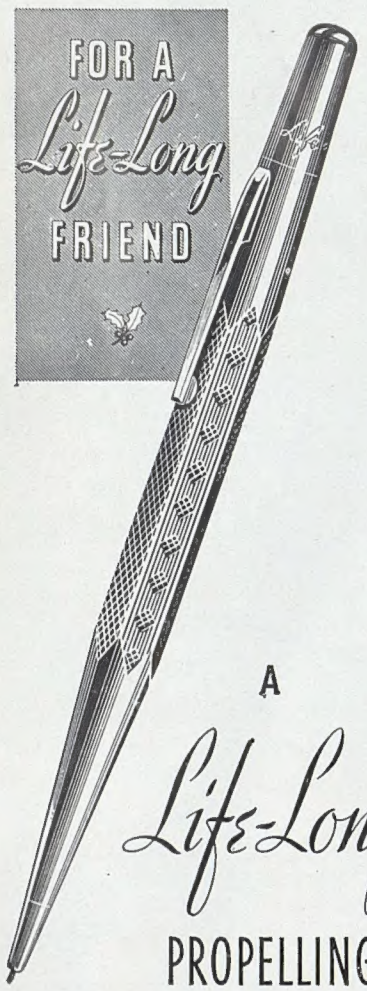

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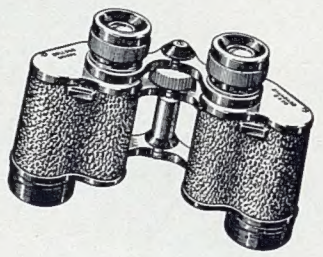

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